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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
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Foreword

IT IS all very well to knock the New Deal and clamor for *laissez-faire*, to wail hysterically about the heinous designs of Rexford Tugwell and the crude demagoguery of Jim Farley, but you end by making yourself as ridiculous as the Liberty League. At this juncture it is more pertinent to analyze the forces which made the New Deal possible in order to discover the direction in which they are leading us, and to determine whether it is wiser to try to reverse our course, permit it to run to its logical conclusion, or direct it into happier channels.

One of the clearest expositions of the condition of the civilized world today is to be found in a little book published a few years ago in Spain: Ortega y Gasset's "Revolt of the Masses."

"The mass," Ortega explains, "is all that which sets no value on itself — good or ill — based on specific grounds, but which feels itself 'just like everybody' and nevertheless is not concerned about it; is, in fact, quite happy to feel itself as one with everybody else. . . . The select man is not the petulant person who thinks himself superior to the rest, but the man who demands more of himself than the rest, even though he may not fulfill in his person those higher exigencies. For there is no doubt that the most radical division that it is possible to make of humanity is that which splits it into two classes of creatures: those who make great demands on themselves,

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piling up difficulties and duties; and those who demand nothing special of themselves, but for whom to live is to be every moment what they already are, without imposing on themselves any effort towards perfection; mere buoys that float on the waves. We live at a time when man believes himself fabulously capable of creation, but he does not know what to create. Lord of all things, he is not lord of himself. He feels lost amid his own abundance. With more means at its disposal, more knowledge, more technique than ever, it turns out that the world today goes the same way as the worst of worlds that have been; it simply drifts. . . . The common man, finding himself in a world so excellent, technically and socially, believes that it has been produced by nature, and never thinks of the personal efforts of highly endowed individuals which the creation of this new world presupposed. Still less will he admit the notion that all these facilities still require the support of certain difficult human virtues, the least failure of which would cause the rapid disappearance of the whole magnificent edifice.

". . . The political doctrine which has represented the loftiest endeavor towards common life is liberal democracy. It carries to the extreme the determination to have consideration for one's neighbor and is the prototype of 'indirect action.' Liberalism is that principle of political rights, according to which the public authority, in spite of being all powerful, limits itself and attempts, even at its own expense, to leave room in the state over which it rules for those to live who neither think nor feel as it does, that is to say, as do the stronger, the majority. Liberalism — it is well to recall this today — is the supreme form of generosity; it is the right which the majority concedes to minorities and hence it is the noblest cry that has ever resounded in this planet.

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"My thesis, therefore, is this: The very perfection which the nineteenth century gave an organization to certain orders of existence has caused the masses benefited thereby to consider it, not as an organized, but as a natural system. Thus is explained and defined the absurd state of mind revealed by these masses; they are only concerned with their own well-being, and at the same time they remain alien to the cause of that well-being. As they do not see behind the benefits of civilization marvels of invention and construction which can only be maintained by great effort and foresight, they imagine that their rôle is limited to demanding these benefits peremptorily, as if they were natural rights. In the disturbances caused by scarcity of food, the mob goes in search of bread, and the means it employs is generally to wreck the bakeries. This may serve as a symbol of the attitude adopted, on a greater and more complicated scale, by the masses of today towards the civilization by which they are supported."

Nineteenth century liberal democracy, which reached its highest expression in the American system, was all along creating, by its inherent self-restraint and generosity, its exaltation of the rôle of the common man, the forces which were inevitably destined to become its greatest enemies.

If there is any attitude which both typifies the psychology of the mob and is the complete antithesis of liberalism, it is the doctrine that the end justifies the means. When the mob is hungry, it does not hesitate to destroy the bakeries, if that seems to be the way to satisfy its desires. With exactly the same spirit, the AAA destroyed the farmers' crops in order to raise farm prices (a worthy end if there ever was one); the President abrogated the gold clause in order to ease the position of debtors; the

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TVA attempted to destroy the franchises and property of neighboring utility companies in order to set up a yardstick for utility rates; the Post-Office department annulled virtually all airmail contracts in order to punish certain malefactors; and the NRA established arbitrary and impossible rules of business conduct in order to benefit certain classes of workers.

This attitude is the antithesis of liberalism, the negation of the American system which, with its checks and counterchecks, its suppression of all arbitrary power, exalted the masses to a position never before imagined to be possible.

The Supreme Court, which has become the bulwark of American liberalism, has pointed out time and again that the end does not justify the means. In the recent Sugar Institute case, Chief Justice Hughes used these very words: "The freedom of concerted action to improve conditions has an obvious limitation. The end does not justify illegal means. The endeavor to put a stop to illegal practices must not itself become illicit." In the more recent case of *Jones vs. SEC*, Mr. Sutherland said the same thing in different words: "Arbitrary power and the rule of the Constitution cannot both exist. . . . To the precise extent that the mere will of an official or an official body is permitted to take the place of allowable official discretion, or to supplant the standing law as a rule of human conduct, the government ceases to be one of laws and becomes an autocracy." The Constitution, liberal democracy, the American dream, all start with that same, simple premise: make sure of the means, see that it is restrained, balanced, ordered, and the end will take care of itself.

If present tendencies continue, it is easy to see we must end up with some form of autocracy, whether it goes by

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the name of fascism, communism, or an even newer deal. The mass never actually governs, for, as Ortega so clearly explains, it is a conglomeration of individuals who do not want to govern, who dread initiative and responsibility. When possessed of power, it simply allows itself to be hoodwinked by the individual, or group of individuals, who promises the biggest baubles — it is inherently a spoiled child.

All intelligent parents realize (even if their practice does not invariably conform) that to spoil a child is the meanest thing they can do: the sufferer is always the child itself. The danger today is not that the Supreme Court may be abolished or the New York Stock Exchange closed, but that the American standard of living (and that, in the last analysis, has been our contribution to human progress) will be destroyed because an inept and heavy-handed bureaucracy has meddled with and discouraged the initiative of the gifted and far-sighted individuals whose inventiveness and organizing ability has created such devices as the high wage and the cheap automobile.

It would be worthwhile to attempt to trace the development from the system of liberal democracy which unfolded under the guidance of Thomas Jefferson in the first decade of the nineteenth century to the return of paternalism which is occurring under the ægis of Franklin Roosevelt today. Jefferson himself maintained that his system was best suited to a population of small, independent landholders; he fought Hamilton's influence because he believed that it fostered the growth of industrialism, of centralized financial power, and the concentration of population in large urban centers. He said, time and again, that under these conditions his system would not work. Though it passed through many vicissi-

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tudes, it did nevertheless remain virtually intact until today.

Since the war, liberal democracy has been replaced by dictatorships in many countries and has suffered severe setbacks in others. It clings to life in England, but there are, even there, signs of decadence. Many bewildered liberals attribute the change which is going on in the world to the war, but it is hard to see why the war should have unsaddled the political system of this country: as a nation we remained unscathed, to say the least.

There is one important economic development which emerged from its chrysalis during, or just after the World War, and that is mass selling, euphemistically referred to as volume distribution. Most of the great fortunes accumulated during the post-war era were fathered by the idea of reaching the many small pocket-books rather than the few large ones. The most brilliant, the most logical entrepreneur of the age was Ivar Kreuger, who almost succeeded in carrying the philosophy to its ultimate perfection. He realized that if he could sell one match once each year to each individual in the world, at even the tiniest profit, he would soon own the moon and all the stars. Such a superb dream deserved a better fate!

Flattery has long been accepted as a potent adjunct of selling. With the new kind of selling there arose a new problem, the problem of flattering not this individual or that but the people as a whole. The stakes were so vast that there developed a highly trained class of gifted, imaginative men whose careers were devoted to flattering, cajoling and ensnaring the masses. Highly paid experts devised captivating ways of telling the people that they were the chosen (as suckers), that nothing was too good for them, that they deserved and could have (by spending

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all their savings and hocking their future earning power) Paris gowns, culture, entertainment in palaces embellished with gold and marble — but more, beauty, success, love, happiness! As Mr. Charles Magee Adams explained in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of June 1935:

"Business has not been content to build volume sales on the appeal of aristocratic quality at plebeian prices. It has improved on fundamentals by flattering the importance of the mob.

" . . . According to the advertisers, the 'typical' American family lives in a riot of luxury. Every detail of the domestic establishment, from the sublimated kitchen equipment which takes the 'drudgery' out of housework to the intimate accessories of my lady's toilet, flaunts the hallmark of an almost Lucullan magnificence. The 'typical prospect' for whom the volume merchandiser is gunning does not pause to reflect that the luxury depicted in advertising is as unrepresentative as the De Mille bathroom. She — for a woman is generally the chosen target — more or less consciously takes it for granted that every other woman has fur coats, evening gowns, filmy underthings, a swanky car, exquisite furniture, and a profusion of automatic gadgets that whisk all the grubby details out of her idyllic existence. From this assumption it is only a short step to the credulous conviction that the possession of such an earthly paradise is a universal and inalienable right."

The absurd expectations which these exploiters have instilled in the consciousness of the masses have paved the way for the Tugwells, Townsends, Coughlins and all the rest of the political mass-baiters whose stock argument is that liberal democracy failed because it did not entirely eradicate poverty, unemployment and suffering. Sell your soul to bureaucratic autocracy, they shout (with the

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same intonation as the toothpaste and cigarette vendors), and you will have security: our objective, our end is glorious, and, even though we do not know by what means we shall attain it, when initiative goes unrewarded and ability is replaced by patronage, we nevertheless do not hesitate to promise it to you — we'll promise you anything you'd like because we know that promising is easy, and memories are short-lived.

The basic trouble with these glamorous promises of security is that the promisers have only dreams, they have no experience to go by. They ask us to give up the known for the unknown. Liberalism, on the other hand, can promise that it will on the whole reward inventive genius and that it can produce a constantly improving, if not a perfect living-standard for all, and it can point to the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth century as proof. To be sure, any of us can imagine more perfect conditions than have ever existed, we can fervently hope that poverty and misery of all sorts will be eradicated, but we cannot be certain that given even autocratic power we could bring about the conditions we desire. There is at least a chance that the outcome would be opposite to the dreams, and that the masses would be oppressed by a rampant bureaucracy instead of endowed with uniform satisfaction.

It does appear that we have come to the parting of the ways. The mass, in reaching for the glistening end which has been held up before its imagination may, childlike, destroy the means by which this goal might someday have been attained. The outcome will largely depend on the ability of the liberal leaders to hold their gifts before the light. Their strength lies in the fact that the whim of a fickle child is often paradoxical: sometimes he will turn unexpectedly from the too sweet candy and clamor for

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simple fare. History, from the Crusades to the American Revolution, is packed with instances of people sacrificing their comforts for their ideals.

It is important to bear in mind that all political decisions are compromises: neither platform nor candidate is ever wholly liberal, wholly fascist, or wholly anything else. They must, therefore, be judged from a relative point of view. One will always be relatively liberal and the other relatively paternalistic.

Sooner or later liberalism is likely to win out for the same reason that it was almost destroyed: it is more truly flattering to the masses than paternalism. It assumes that the individual who forms the component part of the crowd is capable of taking care of himself, whereas paternalism never ceases telling him that he knows nothing about his own welfare, cannot decide whom to work for or what hours to keep, and that he lacks the intelligence or character to provide for his old age. Liberalism does not torture the masses with envy and discontent, like the super-advertisers and super-demagogues, but treats the people with courtesy and respect. Above all, it never permits rosy dreams of some imagined end to becloud the justice and restraint of the means by which it is to be attained.

J. P.

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And after Toscanini—What?

OLIN DOWNES

THE man whose name surmounts the list of the great conductors of this era has given his last concerts with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, completing eleven seasons which will be historic in the symphonic annals of the country, and departing to the accompaniment of the most enthusiastic demonstrations that the writer has witnessed in thirty years of musical reporting. Each of Toscanini's subscription audiences in turn rendered him homage. Each demonstration was greater than the last. The leave-taking of the concert of April twenty-ninth would without doubt have been the most sensational of all, had not a photographer half blinded the maestro as he came on the stage to bow — flashing the camera in his face and sending him staggering to the wings, thus putting an abrupt and disheartening end to the evening. For that concert the cheapest gallery seats were sold by speculators for fifty dollars, and the best for double that sum. Opera houses may have seen enthusiasm mount as high, but it is questionable whether another conductor has received such acclaim in an American concert hall. It was the sheer triumph and the deserved recognition of a consummate musician and man of genius. For once the superior man triumphed in an age of materialism and mediocrity.

But there was a ghost at the banquet. The triumph of the conductor was unconditional and spectacular in the extreme. What of the organization he conducted? Persons solicitous of the fortunes of the orchestra were already asking themselves with considerable anxiety a simple but urgent question: Who would fill the shoes of

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Toscanini now that he had gone, and what would be the future of the Philharmonic-Symphony without him?

This question looks forward into the years to come. It does not imply that the orchestra is without conductors for the season immediately before us. The names of these men, five in number, have been published. It does not mean that the generous men and women who underwrite the deficits of the orchestra have the slightest intention of deserting it. Quite the contrary. But it does mean that the arrangements for next season represent a makeshift and an experiment, and beg the fundamental issue, which is no nearer solution that it was. Where is the conductor who can maintain the highest traditions of the orchestra, and who can be counted upon to hold in future seasons the attention of a spoiled and capricious public? If such a conductor cannot be found, will the orchestra be able to retain its following? The problem is a local one, but is symptomatic of conditions which soon will confront other American orchestras.

To an uninformed observer, it might seem strange that one of the three greatest orchestras in America, and in the world, should find itself in such a dilemma. The natural conclusion of one unacquainted with details of the case would be that the orchestra's reputation was in itself a guarantee of substantial patronage; that Toscanini's long tenure of office must have conferred additional prestige upon it; that for these reasons alone, to say nothing of the constantly growing popularity of symphonic music, the future must be of brighter promise than ever before. This might be so in a normally constituted musical community, which New York, under present circumstances, is not and perhaps never can be. It might be true if the policy and methods of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra had not succumbed,

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perhaps inevitably, to the forces of the (past) boom age; if huge corporate ways of doing business, abolishing rivalry, undertaking production on the largest scale — ways modern in the 'twenties but already outmoded — had not produced a structure now toppling over as a consequence of its own clumsiness and weight; and if these circumstances had not developed a feverish public, accustomed to looking for sensational values in conductors rather than for the beauty and abiding wonder of masterpieces of the tonal art.

It may be that if the Wall Street catastrophe had not occurred, the Philharmonic-Symphony would merrily have rolled along for a few more years under the old policies. But since 1929, not only the economic but also the social and artistic world has been rapidly changing. The orchestra, in common with other American musical institutions, must meet these changes with judgment and imagination if it is to flourish. How are they to be met? It is easy to sit in a swivel chair and offer nostrums and to build handsome hypotheses on a theoretical basis. On the other hand, there is a background of history which precedes the present situation and which casts some light upon it.

The Philharmonic-Symphony, originally the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York, is the oldest symphonic body in the country, having been founded in 1842. It began as a coöperative organization of which the members elected their conductor and divided profits at the end of the season. It has had a varied and checkered career, and has undergone all sorts of adventures and changes of policy in the course of its evolution. It has known periods of prosperity and periods of disaster. In the course of time it encountered rivalry, which grew always more serious with the passing of the years. In 1878

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there came into existence in New York a second symphony orchestra, which offered formidable competition and also proceeded to make history in the land. This was the New York Symphony, founded by Dr. Leopold Damrosch, and taken over, upon his death in 1885, by his son Walter Damrosch, who remained the administrative and artistic director of the orchestra until it was absorbed by the Philharmonic in 1927. Up to that time these orchestras rivaled each other for the favor of the New York public. This rivalry mounted to its height in the 'twenties, and in certain ways proved of distinct value to the public. Each orchestra strove to be the first to produce important new compositions, and efforts as energetic as they were amusing were made to do this.

Then came the question of conductors and the inception of the star system. The policy of engaging celebrated guest leaders was not new with us. It had been initiated in the capitals of Europe, but in late years the United States, and particularly New York with its enormous financial resources, has pursued this system on a scale undreamed of by any orchestral management in Europe. These engagements proved costly and unsettling to the affairs of the orchestra. There was a reaction in favor of single conductors, with three years of Vassili Safonoff, two of Mahler, twelve of Josef Stransky — assisted by Henry Hadley in the later years of his term, as associate conductor. In the season of 1922–23, Stransky's last as full conductor, the orchestra reorganized, with Clarence H. Mackay and a group of influential associates on the directors' board, and, soon after, Arthur Judson as manager.

This was an historic moment in the history of the orchestra. It had now behind it a group of wealthy and extremely influential men whose purpose, in those days

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of increasing optimism and prosperity, was to give the city the best orchestra and the best conductors in the world — in a word, the best music that brains and energy and organization and financial support could secure — and expense be damned. It was the same attitude in a modern age, and with modern accoutrements, that distinguished the patricians of the Italian Renaissance in their patronage of art. But the objective was pursued in the modern manner. It was pursued by eliminating competition as soon as possible, and by corporate methods which have now invaded the musical field as they long since have characterized the entire field of business.

These methods brought, temporarily, extremely brilliant results. The directorate of the orchestra planned an era of conspicuous achievement in music in the public service. What Mr. Mackay did, and what all the influential men and women back of the Philharmonic-Symphony organization did then, and still attempt to do, can only be commended. They should have the unlimited gratitude of the public for what they have given us, and for the spirit in which they have set out upon their task, although it will be seen that today a change of method is probably necessary.

The Philharmonic Orchestra, under its new régime, resumed the system of guest conductors. In the season of 1924–1925, these conductors were Mengelberg, van Hoogstraten, with Hadley as associate conductor and with Igor Stravinsky and Wilhelm Furtwaengler as guests. Furtwaengler's success at his opening concert with Brahms' First Symphony was stupendous. But the crowning achievement of Mr. Mackay and his associates, and the height of the Philharmonic's glamor, came when they secured as guest for the season of 1925–1926 Arturo Toscanini, with Mengelberg and Furtwaengler as side-

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kicks, and with Hadley again as associate conductor. It is questionable whether any modern season has known such a brilliant and varied series of orchestral performances.

The same triumvirate ruled with equally brilliant results for the season of 1926–1927, but the arrangement had within it forces of dissolution. A ridiculous spirit of rivalry, in which Toscanini had no part, broke out. Furtwaengler, a man very jealous of rivals and sensitive to criticism, succumbed to a new ailment properly named "Toscaninitis." Apparently because of it, in his second season, his performances suffered. He also made difficult his professional and social relations. He was not reëngaged. His place was taken the following season by Sir Thomas Beecham and Bernardino Molinari, which meant a partial decline in standards of conducting. Then, in 1928–1929, came the merger of the two orchestras, the Philharmonic and the New York Symphony.

This event appeared to many people as a most auspicious one in the musical history of New York City. It eliminated ruinous competition in the course of which the guarantors of both orchestras had spent enormous sums of money (Harry Harkness Flagler had, from his own pocket, paid about a million and a half dollars in the course of seasons to cover the deficits of the New York Symphony Orchestra). There was also the desirability of the two orchestras amalgamating, if only for the purpose of offering an undivided front to the demands of the Musicians' Union. The orchestra, which now represented two orchestras, and took the name of the Philharmonic-Symphony, had absorbed every other rival organization in its field, and was in a position to dominate the symphonic market and to plan its beneficent activities on the largest and most impressive scale.

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True, and this important fact must not be forgotten, it still faced very keen competition from other sources. The magnificent orchestras of Boston and Philadelphia, with distinguished leaders, visited the city periodically and gave a total of twenty concerts a year. Through the major part of the season, the Metropolitan Opera Company attracted immense audiences and gave more performances to the week than the resident and visiting orchestras together. Then there is to be taken into account the immense numbers of concerts, many of them of the utmost importance and attractiveness to the public, given by resident and visiting artists every week in the season. The Philharmonic-Symphony had need of all its resources, and all its ingenuity, to maintain the position it had assumed and keep its prestige with the public. But now the road was clear, and so far as resident bodies were concerned it monopolized the orchestral situation in the city. One would say that this was an invincible position and that because of the monopoly the orchestra could rely indefinitely upon full houses for its concerts.

Let us see what happened. In the season 1928–1929, when the merger became effective, there were nine conductors, seven besides Mengelberg and Toscanini, as guests. They were Walter Damrosch, Ossip Gabrilówitsch, Arthur Honegger, Clemens Kraus, Molinari and Fritz Reiner. This was partly due to the expiring obligations of the Damrosch orchestra. The public attendance was excellent.

The next season Mengelberg was penetrated by the Toscanini bacteria, which ate under his stout Dutch hide with such effect that he rushed about the town crying contempt and derision for his colleague, and was seemingly demoralized, as Furtwaengler had been, by his emotions. The next winter Mengelberg appeared no more.

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Erich Kleiber came in his place with Toscanini and Molinari, and an ingenious idea of the management furnished the ardent public with a new thrill. This was the interchange between the Philharmonic-Symphony and the Philadelphia Orchestras, then under the same management, of their greatest leaders. By this arrangement Toscanini went to Philadelphia for two weeks and Stokowski came to New York for the same length of time. More excitement — more columns in the newspapers.

In the meantime the financial depression was making itself shockingly felt. Many people gave up their subscriptions. Single sales of tickets fell off. Was it that more conductors were needed? Bruno Walter, Ottorino Respighi, Issay Dobrowen came in succession. None of them were particularly successful. The public was hard up. But worse: it was becoming musically apathetic. Sensation after sensation in the form of star conductors had been piled on, 'till the audiences were left little power of reaction. The directorate of the orchestra, the management, the conductors, were doing their part as well as they might. The audiences were not doing theirs. With the single exception of the god Toscanini, they failed in responsiveness. They seemed to have lost, to a disconcerting degree, the power of what Robert Haven Schauffler termed so admirably as "creative listening." When Toscanini didn't conduct, the fashionable gave their seats to friends or servants. Let it not be supposed that the gallery gods and the purchasers of the cheaper seats were faithful. These people, by reputation the true music lovers, had also become accustomed to sensations. And this, mind you, with one orchestra in the immense city of New York in place of two — even three, since for some years a third orchestra, the State Symphony, had tagged along and collected a certain number of patrons.

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As a matter of fact, the elimination of orchestral competition within the city itself had a devitalizing influence upon the whole musical situation. How could it be otherwise? What else happens with monopoly and regimentation? This condition had even affected players of the Philharmonic-Symphony. They, too, tended to rest upon their laurels. When Toscanini, terribly exacting in rehearsals, had gone, the men sat back and no conductor who followed could get the proper effort from them. They were tired. Some of them needed a stricter rein which the visiting conductor, not in Toscanini's position of authority, could hardly draw. Certain gentlemen of the orchestra, happily but a few, were inclined to rest in the reflected glory of the principal leader, and make it rather clear that they did not take the musical ideas of other conductors too seriously when they differed from those of Toscanini. This attitude was sometimes reflected in the performance. And then Toscanini began to tire, with the passing of the years and the tremendous physical drain of even a part of an orchestral season in New York City. He gave notice that his periods of service with the Philharmonic-Symphony must be shorter, and intimated that at a time not far off he would have to retire.

At this juncture, cable despatches announced the sensational success, in Helsingfors, of the young American conductor, Werner Janssen. The Philharmonic-Symphony had been sharply criticized for its disregard of the American composer, and it was regrettable that when the orchestra in the spring of 1930 made, under Toscanini's leadership, its triumphal European tour, not a single American composition figured on the programs. Janssen was engaged for a part of the season of 1934–1935 with Otto Klemperer, Artur Rodzinski, Toscanini, Walter

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and Hans Lange, and given full opportunity to prove himself. The fact that he failed to measure up was not astonishing in view of his very limited orchestral experience, and the eminent leaders with whose performances his own were inevitably compared. He had, as a matter of fact, marked talent, but neither technical nor interpretive maturity. Another hope was gone. We come to the end of last season, which had only four conductors: Klemperer, Beecham, Lange, and Toscanini — a moderate number for a directorate which had been hiring heroes of the baton almost as impetuously as baseball impresarios engage pinch-hitters, and for the same purpose.

Let us briefly compare this history with those of certain other American orchestras not nearly as old as the Philharmonic, which in a few years forged their way to the top rank. The American orchestra which attained eminence in the shortest time, and which has consistently upheld throughout its career the highest standards, has unquestionably been the Boston Symphony. It was founded by Major Henry L. Higginson in 1881. Its organization and methods remain a model for other orchestras to follow. Major Higginson was a man of wealth, shrewd in affairs, animated by a desire to serve his fellows, and also by a profound love of music. When he established Boston's orchestra he selected men whom he believed well fitted for certain tasks, gave them a free hand, and held them completely responsible for results. He made a clean line between the art and the business of the orchestra. Over that body the conductor held absolute power. He selected the players, controlled the membership, arranged the programs, rehearsed and directed the concerts. The business staff was small and compact, the management conservative and economical. The

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departments never overlapped. The business management had no authority over the orchestra, whose interests were supreme. If the conductor asked the manager to find six additional trombones for next week's program, the manager was expected to do so, at whatever necessary expense. But if the conductor had put a dollar and a half's worth of the orchestra's two cent stamps on his personal correspondence, the item would probably have been questioned at the end of the season.

The conductor was entirely immune from interference in his work, either by a business man, a society woman, a friend of Major Higginson, or Major Higginson himself. The conductor was not engaged for his spectacular values, but solely for his capacities as musician, orchestra builder and maker of programs. And finally, the policy of the Boston Symphony management, from the beginning, has been to place the orchestra under the authority of a single leader. With few exceptions, its musical directors have held undivided power long enough to enforce their ideas, and to develop the orchestra systematically in technical proficiency and interpretive excellence. Guest conductors have been few and their terms of engagement brief. They have served to offer the audiences variety, and to give the permanent leader short periods of needful rest. Under these policies, the Boston Symphony rose rapidly to the position which, under Serge Koussevitzky, it brilliantly maintains today.

The orchestra of the eastern part of the country which shares the front rank with the institutions of Boston and New York, is the Philadelphia Orchestra. It was founded in 1900. It rose rapidly in quality and reputation from the time that it came under the leadership of Leopold Stokowski in 1912. From that year till the end of last season he directed it or supervised its activities. It will be seen

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that most of this development took place under the tutelage of a single leader. The same thing holds true of the Chicago Symphony, which has had but two principal conductors in the forty-five years of its existence. For it was founded by Theodore Thomas, German by birth, American by a lifetime of residence and of early citizenship; and its musical direction was inherited, when Thomas died in 1905, by Frederick Stock. He had been Thomas's concert-master, and he conducts the orchestra today. The Chicago Symphony has loyal audiences and has functioned economically, at least of late, as compared to the orchestras of the East. When all income and expenses, assets and liabilities are balanced, it will end this season with a deficit of thirty-six thousand dollars as compared with the average, in recent years, of a hundred thousand for the Boston Symphony, and a hundred and fifty thousand for the Philharmonic-Symphony of New York, and proportionate deficits for other American orchestras.

One need hardly go farther to point the moral of this tale. Under the young Vladimir Golschman, who has been functioning at its head for five years, the St. Louis Orchestra, following a period of checkered fortunes, is undergoing conspicuous development and gaining support. The orchestra of Minneapolis has made good with its public and has steadily advanced under corresponding policies. Next fall its latest leader, Eugene Ormandy, goes to the orchestra of Philadelphia for the season. Artur Rodzinski was principal leader of the Los Angeles Symphony 'till he went to the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra three seasons ago. In Cleveland he has been signally successful with undivided authority. Rodzinski was succeeded by Otto Klemperer in Los Angeles. That orchestra was one of the finest west of Chicago, until in

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recent seasons, following the death of its munificent patron, W. A. Clark, Jr., and a rather confused state of affairs in the months following, a number of its finest players found highly profitable radio engagements, and it began, perhaps unavoidably, to alternate conductors. The San Francisco Orchestra, on the contrary, has taken a prodigious step forward under the sole leadership of Pierre Monteux. It has a new and excellent management; and showed a balance of seventeen hundred dollars last year after all bills were paid — owing in part, to a special donation of thirty thousand dollars from taxes, which was voted by the citizens. A prophetic glimpse, perhaps, into the orchestral future of America!

The orchestras of the West and Middle West tend to single conductors and a closer identification with local musical influences than those of the East, which is natural. Eugene Goossens is the conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra. The tragical sickness of Ossip Gabrilówitsch has resulted in temporary arrangements as regards the leadership of the orchestra of Detroit. But in general, these orchestras in other cities are community growths and follow the one-man system. New York is, of course, the international city, with the most wealth and the largest transient population of any center in America. It has its special and very difficult orchestral problems.

The season of the Philharmonic-Symphony, and its extension to thirty weeks of a very heavy schedule, has been pronounced so onerous and fatiguing as to be beyond the physical capacity of any single conductor. But next season there will be twenty-four weeks only, without extra weeks for tours; whereas Boston has held for years to twenty-four weeks of subscription concerts at home, plus two extra series of Mondays and Tuesdays, plus concerts for the Pension Fund and other extra events, and

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six weeks of touring when it travels widely and has engagements for every hour of its available time. One principal conductor does the business. This should also be observed: At a time when both the Philharmonic-Symphony and the Philadelphia have announced for the coming season extensive lists of soloists as additional attractions to the public, the Boston Symphony will use fewer soloists than ever, on the principle that the orchestra is the greatest of all soloists, and that the solo performer, in most instances, tends to disrupt the unity of the orchestral program. The whole policy is to build, in weather fair or foul, upon the orchestra and its music.

IN ENGAGING its leaders for next season the Philharmonic-Symphony had a choice of two policies. One would have been the quest, in places already ransacked, for a new and sensational star of the baton. The other would have been to abandon the star system entirely, and build anew on the basis of the quality of the organization itself, and the fascination of symphonic literature as exemplified by interesting and eclectic programs. It would have been the time, too, to comb the market for young native conductors. In view of these considerations, it is very difficult to agree with the course that has been taken in appointing the leaders for 1936–1937.

The first result of a confusion of councils that would not have been tolerated for an instant in a well-organized business, was a major error which had almost immediately to be recanted. This was the engagement of Furtwaengler from Germany. The Jewish reaction against his appointment was so strong, and the Jews of New York make up so large a portion of Philharmonic-Symphony audiences, that the engagement had almost immedi-

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ately to be rescinded. If those unaffected by Nazi politics think that the Jews were fanatical and intolerant in this matter, let them pause to remember what was done in this country to German musicians, and with much less provocation, during the World War. It is logical, but impractical and academic, to expect human beings to separate human and artistic values. The direction's apparent unawareness of public sentiment had more than one unfortunate result. It aroused subscribers of other races and religions, a number of whom declared that if the Jews were to dictate against a German on political grounds, they in turn would immediately withdraw their subscriptions if a Jew were engaged as a Philharmonic-Symphony conductor for the season to come. And thus, in the good old immemorial way, were the barriers of racial and religious animosity again raised, with an effect that further narrowed the orchestral policies.

The list of conductors finally decided upon is a curious mélange of musicians who in three cases are, and in two cases are not, professional conductors at all. Four of these are visitors from other countries. Only one of them is so much as resident in this country. He is Artur Rodzinski, the permanent conductor of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, Polish by birth, now, we believe, an American citizen, who will come to New York for eight weeks. But the principal feature of the list is the engagement for ten of the season's twenty-four weeks of John Barbirolli, a young Englishman of Italian-French descent, totally unknown to the public on this side of the water, and not as yet considered a conductor of the first rank in England. We abhor chauvinism, and hope that Mr. Barbirolli will come up to the hopes of the directorate, but it is hard to justify their giving the lion's share of one of our most

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important orchestral seasons to a person in his position. The reason given for this latter engagement is the desire to find a young conductor of gifts, and of physical energy, who will prove adaptable and capable of growing in the job. If that is the reason, the act is the less excusable. Opportunities of such kind should surely be extended either to native musicians, or to musicians who have cast their lot in America, who know the tastes of our public, and understand its orchestral needs.

As it now stands, the Philharmonic-Symphony season for 1936–1937 will be divided between Barbirolli for ten weeks, Rodzinski for eight weeks, and Stravinsky, Georges Enesco, and Carlos Chavez, the young Mexican composer, for two weeks each. It is well known that Stravinsky makes no pretense at conducting in the professional sense of the word, while his own most representative works, which are familiar items of the repertory, have been heard a hundred times better done than would be the case, in all probability, under his baton. Enesco, the composer, is a great, learned and noble-hearted musician, yet to be estimated here as an orchestral leader. Chavez, as the writer can testify, handles the baton very competently when he conducts his own music. As founder and conductor of the Orquesta Sinfonica de Mexico since 1928, he has a high reputation, although what he can do with regular repertory has here to be ascertained. How can the directorate find among these hasty visitors a conductor fit for an extensive engagement? Meanwhile, Barbirolli's term is longer than an unknown man should have been given, and curtails opportunities for others to prove themselves. In short, this arrangement seems to have the faults of two systems, and the virtues of neither.

If there is any deduction to be drawn from all this, it is that action modern and highly effective in the 'twenties

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is no longer efficacious in the 'thirties. We must begin to do things for ourselves in the musical art, and not rely upon expensive and exotic expedients of past periods. Our orchestras must show more individual initiative, adaptability, and originality in meeting issues. The rich cannot and should not be expected to carry the whole burden of our symphonic institutions. It is high time that communities took a direct, intelligent, and active part in the support of orchestras, opera, and all the other forms of musical culture.

Unfortunately this is more difficult than it would seem to the casual observer. Big business has a tremendous influence in our musical affairs. In recent years two great chains of musical managers and bureaus have formed, and allied themselves respectively with the two great radio companies — an inevitable gravitation. It is not the slightest insinuation against either the motives or the capacities of one of the ablest and most enterprising captains of the tonal industry to observe that Arthur Judson, manager of the Philharmonic-Symphony, is the head of one of them — the Columbia Concerts Corporation — which pools the resources of many smaller managers, thus controlling a large number of artists. He is also the personal manager of most of the conductors, either resident or visiting, who appear with the American orchestras. His influence is extremely powerful in music throughout the country, and he is intimately associated with the Columbia Broadcasting System, through its subsidiary, the Columbia Concerts Corporation already mentioned. The rival organization, the NBC Artists' Service, which is linked with the National Broadcasting Company, has enormous financial resources, with orchestras, artists, and all sorts of variegated musical products to sell. The sales are to concert and opera organizations, to

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radio advertisers and to the public of the nation. It is business on the largest scale, and a manifestation of precisely the same forces which have shaped all institutions of business and production in America.

These conditions can be productive of the greatest good. They can cheapen and promote good music throughout the land. They can. In ways, they do. Certainly they promote distribution. But it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that artists, conductors, and even orchestras, are pawns in the competitive game of these big musical corporations, which promotes the speculative system of star conductors, and is certain to affect in various ways the operations of American symphonic bodies. This system encourages the importation of leaders from abroad, and discourages the development of the native musician — for it is not a question of which is the best conductor, the most self-effacing and devoted to his art, the most curious about music new and old, but solely a question of the man who will reap, by whatever means, the most applause, publicity and audiences. The man who can do that can be successfully and profitably peddled around.

This gets us in America nowhere as far as genuine cultural development is concerned. We want our orchestras to foster great music, and carry it to the people. It is obviously time to reform our ranks, to begin a systematic examination of the field, and to put a stop to domination by foreign influences and by business. Ultimately, this will not only be the constructive course, but the profitable one as well.

It seems clear that certain fundamental policies could well be followed by all our great orchestras, union or non-union, privately or publicly supported. Among them are the following:

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(1) Orchestras controlled by a single conductor, who is given undivided power.

(2) The conductor to be at least resident in the place where he works, and given sufficient tenure of office to carry out a coherent and constructive program.

(3) Conductors who are first musicians and orchestra builders, rather than those who specialize in virtuosity.

(4) The proper emphasis on interest and variety of programs, rather than conductors' personalities.

(5) Business organization which is independent, compact and economical in its operations.

(6) Careful examination of the American field, and vigilant watch for the appearance of new native talent.

(7) The end of the star system and its speculative attributes.

(8) The intimate identification of the orchestra with the cultural needs of the community.

These are some present needs, and they seem to be emphasized by events which come immediately under observation.

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School

WILLIAM SAROYAN

HE WAS a little boy named Jim, the first and only child of Dr. Louis Davy, 717 Mattei Building, and it was his first week at school. His father was French, a small heavy-set man of forty whose boyhood had been full of poverty and unhappiness and ambition. His mother was dead: she died when Jim was born, and the only woman he knew intimately was Amy, the Swedish housekeeper.

It was Amy who dressed him in his Sunday clothes and took him to school. Jim liked Amy, but he didn't like her for taking him to school. He told her so. All the way to school he told her so. I don't like you, he said. I don't like you any more.

I like *you*, the housekeeper said.

Then why are you taking me to school? he said.

He had taken walks with Amy before, once all the way to the Court House Park for the Sunday afternoon band concert, but this walk was different.

What for? he said.

Everybody must go to school, the housekeeper said.

Did you go to school? he said.

No, said Amy.

Then why do I have to go? he said.

You will like it, said the housekeeper.

He walked on with her in silence, holding her hand. I don't like you, he said. I don't like you any more.

I like you, said Amy.

Then why are you taking me to school? he said again.

The housekeeper knew how frightened a little boy could be about going to school.

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You will like it, she said. I think you will sing songs and play games.

I don't want to, he said.

I will come and get you every afternoon, she said.

I don't like you, he told her again.

She felt very unhappy about the little boy going to school, but she knew he would have to go.

The school building was very ugly to her and to the boy. She didn't like the way it made her feel, and going up the steps with him she wished he didn't have to go to school. The halls and rooms scared her, and him, and the smell of the place too. And he didn't like Mr. Barber, the principal.

Amy despised Mr. Barber.

What is the name of your son? Mr. Barber said.

This is Dr. Louis Davy's son, said Amy. His name is Jim. I am Dr. Davy's housekeeper.

James? said Mr. Barber.

Not James, said Amy, just Jim.

All right, said Mr. Barber. Any middle name?

No, said Amy. He is too small for a middle name. Just Jim Davy.

All right, said Mr. Barber. We'll try him out in the first grade. If he doesn't get along all right we'll try him out in kindergarten.

Dr. Davy said to start him in the first grade, said Amy. Not kindergarten.

All right, said Mr. Barber.

The housekeeper knew how frightened the little boy was, sitting on the chair, and she tried to let him know how much she loved him and how sorry she was about everything. She wanted to say something fine to him about everything, but she couldn't say anything, and she was very proud of the nice way he got down from the

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chair and stood beside Mr. Barber, waiting to go with him to a classroom.

On the way home she was so proud of him she began to cry.

Miss Binney, the teacher of the first grade, was an old lady who was all dried out. The room was full of little boys and girls. School smelled funny and sad. He sat at a desk and listened very carefully. He heard some of the names: Charles, Ernest, Alvin, Norman, Betty, Hannah, Juliet, Viola, Polly.

He listened carefully and heard Miss Binney say, Hannah Winter, what *are* you chewing? And he saw Hannah Winter blush. He liked Hannah Winter right from the beginning.

Gum, said Hannah.

Put it in the waste-basket, said Miss Binney.

He saw the little girl walk to the front of the class, take the gum from her mouth, and drop it into the waste-basket.

And he heard Miss Binney say, Ernest Gaskin, what are *you* chewing?

Gum, said Ernest.

And he liked Ernest Gaskin too.

They met in the schoolyard, and Ernest taught him a few jokes.

Amy was in the hall when school ended. She was sullen and angry at everybody until she saw the little boy. She was amazed that he wasn't changed, that he wasn't hurt, or perhaps utterly unalive, murdered. The school and everything about it frightened her very much. She took his hand and walked out of the building with him, feeling angry and proud.

Jim said, What comes after twenty-nine?

Thirty, said Amy.

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Your face is dirty, he said.

His father was very quiet at the supper table.

What comes after twenty-nine? the boy said.

Thirty, said his father.

Your face is dirty, he said.

In the morning he asked his father for a nickel.

What do you want a nickel for? his father said.

Gum, he said.

His father gave him a nickel and on the way to school he stopped at Mrs. Riley's store and bought a package of Spearmint.

Do you want a piece? he asked Amy.

Do you want to give me a piece? the housekeeper said.

Jim thought about it a moment, and then he said, Yes.

Do you like me? said the housekeeper.

I like you, said Jim. Do you like me?

Yes, said the housekeeper. Do you like school?

Jim didn't know for sure, but he knew he liked the part about gum. And Hannah Winter. And Ernest Gaskin.

I don't know, he said.

Do you sing? asked the housekeeper.

No, we don't sing, he said.

Do you play games? she said.

Not in the school, he said. In the yard we do.

He liked the part about gum very much.

Miss Binney said, Jim Davy, what are you *chewing?*

Gum, he said.

He walked to the waste-paper basket and back to his seat, and Hannah Winter saw him, and Ernest Gaskin too. That was the best part of school.

It began to grow too.

Ernest Gaskin, he shouted in the schoolyard, *what* are you *chewing?*

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Raw elephant meat, said Ernest Gaskin. Jim Davy, what are *you* chewing?

Jim tried to think of something very funny to be chewing, but he couldn't.

Gum, he said, and Ernest Gaskin laughed louder than Jim laughed when Ernest Gaskin said, Raw elephant meat.

It was funny no matter what you said.

Going back to the classroom Jim saw Hannah Winter in the hall.

Hannah Winter, he said, *what in the world* are you *chewing?*

The little girl was startled. She wanted to say something nice that would honestly show how nice she felt about having Jim say her name and ask her the funny question, making fun of school, but she couldn't think of anything that nice to say because they were almost in the room and there wasn't time enough.

Tutti-frutti, she said with desperate haste.

It seemed to Jim he had never before heard such a glorious word, and he kept repeating the word to himself all day.

Tutti-frutti, he said to Amy on the way home.

Amy Larson, he said, *what, are, you, chewing?*

He told his father all about it at the supper table.

He said, Once there was a hill. Under the hill there was a mill. Under the mill there was a key. What is it?

I don't know, his father said. What is it?

Milwaukee, said the boy.

The housekeeper was delighted.

Mill. Walk. Key, he said.

Tutti-frutti.

What's that? said his father.

Gum, he said. The kind Hannah Winter chews.

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Who's Hannah Winter? said his father.

She's in my room, he said.

Oh, said his father.

After supper he sat on the floor with the small red and blue and yellow top that hummed while it spinned. It was all right, he guessed. It was still very sad, but the gum part of it was very funny and the Hannah Winter part very nice. Raw elephant meat, he thought with great inward delight.

Raw elephant meat, he said aloud to his father who was reading the evening paper. His father folded the paper and sat on the floor beside him. The housekeeper saw them together on the floor and for some reason tears came to her eyes. She listened carefully, but neither the man nor the boy said anything.

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The Bogey of Moscow

WALTER DURANTY

AN EMINENT American citizen recently told his fellow-countrymen that in this election year they would have to choose between Washington and Moscow; between the Star Spangled Banner and the Internationale — or was it the Red Flag?

I imagine that few more inappropriate utterances have ever been made by anyone who lays claim to the title of statesman. What I suppose Mr. Smith was trying to do was to frighten his hearers with horrors, as once upon a time English nurses told children that if they were naughty "Bony" — Napoleon Bonaparte — would come and eat them. Mr. Smith, I imagine (although I confess I find it difficult to fathom his mind in this connection) thought that he would make a sharp and cutting picture — put the issue squarely, I believe politicians call it, with beveled edges — of the danger that confronts the people of this country unless they "choose right" next November. If you don't "choose right," he said in susbtance, you will choose "left," and then you will see what will happen; it will freeze your blood.

I am surprised, really, in retrospect, that he omitted the line about nationalization of women. That was a good one in its day and went nearly as big as the German corpse factory, where they made corpses into margarine during the late war to end all wars.

Speaking seriously, what is there in this comparison between Washington and Moscow? I mean, what is there apart from an election-year bogey? "The thin edge of the wedge," Mr. Smith and his Bourbon friends might answer. "Once you begin to infringe the rights of capital,

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how can the poor man know that someone won't steal his dime *too* — or take it in taxes? As if the poor don't pay heavier taxes than the rich — except perhaps the very rich — in the form of the indirect taxes, the excise, for instance, on cigarettes and liquor. And poor men like beer no less than rich men like champagne. Those hit the poor man's pocket fully as hard, or harder than income taxes hit all save the highest brackets, and I think Mr. Smith's "average American," if you gave him a million-dollar-a-year income, wouldn't melt away in tears if the government took two-thirds of it, or even three-quarters. It can't be so hard to live on two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

But is it the thin edge of the wedge? That's the real question. In other words, does Mr. Smith honestly suppose — and whether he supposes it or not, is it true — that the present Administration wants socialism? Wants not socialism alone but what socialism really means, that is, not just to put the state into business but to have the state control *all* business, so that there can be *no* business outside the state or its subordinate organizations (which of course include coöperatives and collective farms, except of the pettiest character). That's what socialism means in the U.S.S.R.; that, I say, is Moscow, and it seems to me a long, long way from Tipperary — or was it Washington?

The somewhat timid adventure into state ownership and control that has been made in this country would not even startle the British, that staid and conservative people. They have gone much further in England, further with taxes to begin with, further with state control and ownership — telegraph and telephones and radio broadcasting — not to mention banking laws and checks on the Stock Market, which make the Federal Reserve

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System and the Securities Act look like velvet gloves compared with hands of steel. Yet the British don't seem to be afraid of revolution next November — or at any other imminent date. Unlike Mr. Smith, they appear to know that there is a considerable distance between Moscow and London, and I should have thought Washington was more distant still.

The real answer to Mr. Smith is that he doesn't know anything about Moscow — or else that he was talking wildly. The fundamental point of the Moscow régime is not simply that it is state control and ownership, but that it is *complete* state control and ownership, that the profit is *completely* eliminated, that there is *no* private business save that of the peasant who sells the produce from his tiny plot. Everything, the banks and the railroads, industry and commerce, the minerals in the earth and the fish in the sea — all are owned by the state or its appointed agents. In the last year or two, it is true, they have given the collective farms perpetual title, in fee simple, to their land. Because they were collective farms, that is to say, offshoots, organisms, or agents if you prefer the word, of socialism, small units which jointly form the socialist state. But no individual farmer can own his land; you can't even own a house in Russia — not own it outright. You can have a long lease on it, fifty years or so, and if you die before that period has elapsed, you can leave it to your children. But you don't *own* it, because it is built on land, and land belongs to the state. If you build the house, you can sell it for what it costs you, and you can sell the lease. But if you are a wise Russian, you won't try to sell it at a profit, because if they find out about it, they'll take your "excess profit" and send you to Siberia, or up north to dig canals, under the kindly care of the OGPU, because that is making a profit and

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they don't believe in profits any more in the U.S.S.R.

Surely what I am saying makes patent the absurdities of Mr. Smith's comparison and the folly of his words. I am not trying to write an electoral pamphlet for the present Administration; that's not my job. What I am trying to do, and have been trying for the last eighteen years to do, is to tell you people over here what Russia is like, not to say whether it's good or bad — that isn't my business either — but what it's like. In short, to explain the vast gulf which exists between Moscow and Washington.

Why here you haven't even fascism. Don't you think that if there was any danger of revolution, Bolshevik revolution I mean, proletarian revolution, when the masses rise and kill the rich and seize the factories and the banks and the land and the houses, don't you think then, if that danger was imminent, that the property owners of America would get together and fight it? In this country where, despite the depression, almost every native-born white American does own property? After all, you have an average of one automobile to a family. Tell that to the Russians, of whom ninety percent before the revolution owned only the clothes they stood up in, and ate meat once a month if they were lucky.

If the majority of people in this country wanted revolution, they would try to make it. Then the ones who didn't want it would try to stop them, as they did in Germany and Italy. They would form fascist corps, they'd beat the big drum of Patriotism and raise the pay of police and army, they'd get the young ones on their side, the boys and girls just out of college, who think that the world owes them a living, but who have no jobs. That's what they did in Italy, and in Germany. They got the young ones and dressed them up in uniform — young-

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sters like uniform, it gives them a sense of solidarity — and they bought them machine-guns, and hand grenades and rifles, and turned them loose to smash the revolution. But, as Sinclair Lewis might have said, it *hasn't* happened here. There is no fascism, no counter-revolution, because there is no revolution, that is, there is nothing to counter, no need for fascism.

I admit there's always a danger that some ruthless and ambitious man, like Huey Long for instance, might set out to create a fascism, spurred by envy of Hitler or Mussolini. Huey Long did it, didn't he, in Louisiana; and the late Lord Bryce — who was one of the most shrewd and sympathetic foreign observers this country has ever welcomed in its midst, with the possible exception of Sir Willmott Lewis, the present correspondent of *The Times* in Washington — once remarked that the most interesting thing about the American system was that its states offered, so to speak, a basis of experiment on a scale that need not necessarily become nation-wide. If the experiment looked good to the other states — if Kansas got out of debt, for instance — the rest of the nation might adopt it. That, thought Lord Bryce, was admirable. The decentralized system gave opportunity for experiment *in petto*, whereas a more highly centralized organization has to act as a whole, which sometimes gives rise to difficulty. Take the case of the U.S.S.R. again. There all the economic life of the country is directed by a centralized agency called the State Planning Commission, or Gosplan, as they call it. In theory that is admirable: the Gosplan lays out its program, not for one year but for five. It controls the budgeting and the banks and the industries and the railroads and the mines and the forests; it controls everything, the whole economic life of the country. It has unlimited power — subject of

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course to the approval of Stalin and the Communist party, of which it is an organ — and therefore it works along party lines. All that sounds excellent, but if the Gosplan makes a mistake, what happens then? If it miscalculates, then comes the difficulty. The mistake is a nation-wide mistake, it's not a local mistake, it's a huge mistake. There is the difficulty.

Is there, however, any reason to suppose that the late Senator Long's experiment with Louisiana will be repeated in the White House, should its present occupant be reëlected? I don't think so. I don't think Mr. Smith thought so. In fact I think that Mr. Smith thought, although he didn't dare to think his thought right out, in public, at that dinner of the Liberty League, that the comparison wasn't between Mr. Roosevelt and Hitler but between Mr. Roosevelt and Stalin. Perhaps he did think that, because he made the other comparisons. He seemed to think — or he tried to suggest, and to terrify his hearers by suggesting it — that Mr. Roosevelt might act like Stalin. How strange that sounds to me, who know both Stalin and Mr. Roosevelt, and have talked with them. But it might interest you to hear what the Russians think of Mr. Roosevelt, whatever Mr. Smith may think of him.

Suppose one said to the Russians, as some people here say to each other, "Don't you think that Mr. Roosevelt is a traitor to his class, that he is a man like Mirabeau, the French aristocrat who prepared the way for the French Revolution?" The Russians would think such a question absurd. They know about revolutions, the Bolsheviks. They know that Mirabeau emerged in a period that was revolutionary, that perhaps he tried to check it — being a noble — or perhaps he tried to hasten it, as a traitor to his class. Whether he did or not makes no matter, the

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Russians say, because at least in Mirabeau's day there was a revolutionary situation, and that's what makes the difference. This country is not revolutionary, is not even fascist, as I said before. But it is in a difficult economic period, as a result of the depression. It may be argued that the measures which Mr. Roosevelt has adopted have, in certain cases, been hasty and ill-considered. Certainly, a policy which pays people for plowing under cotton, which destroys hogs when people are starving, which orders army fliers to fly mail routes in bad weather without the necessary experience or instrumental equipment, can scarcely be called sound.

But do these policies and others like them actually prove that they were intended to serve as the thin edge of Mr. Smith's wedge with which to open the way to Moscow, or to socialism or Stalinism? I think not. The danger of such measures is of a totally different character. They may create in the mind of the masses a sentiment of reckless improvidence and the thought that, somehow or other, the state will always find jobs for them no matter what the cost to the community. Here, I maintain, the danger lies, and here I think is the essential difference between Washington and Moscow. In the U.S.S.R. public works are carefully planned beforehand for the interests of the nation as a whole. In this country it may seem to some that they are planned in the interests of one political party, or simply to provide jobs which have no ultimate aim or fundamental value.

It may be that this depression is not much different, except in degree, from the depressions of the past, or panics, as they used to call them. You can look back through the years and see these periodic crises. They all come from the same thing, that if balloons are blown too big — instead of the word balloon the phrase "credit in-

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flation" might be used — they finally burst. This has happened before, not only in America but in Europe. There was the "South Sea Bubble," as they termed it then, in England years and years ago, and John Law's "Mississippi Bubble" in 1723. In 1929, however, the balloon was bigger. It was not only American but also European money; in fact the money of all the world, blown up bigger and bigger, so that when it burst the results were more serious, the depression was wider and deeper, and greater in degree, with the natural consequence that the period of recovery has been more prolonged. Recovery from the 1907 panic, for instance, was achieved in two years, whereas it is only within recent months — that is to say, after nearly seven years — that we have had reasonable grounds for hope of a return: not to the blatant and exaggerated prosperity of 1929 but to a state of things when money will circulate more freely again and more goods will be bought and sold, and therefore more goods will be made and more people will have jobs. That, in the final issue, is the important point. It is not the amount of money which matters but the speed with which it circulates. I mean the amount *does* matter, of course, but the speed of circulation matters more. If it circulates rapidly, that means that people are buying and selling things, or goods. And if they are buying and selling them, they are also making them, which, as I said before, means jobs.

Is that, however, the final solution of the economic problem? Or have the Russians the right key to it? Is it right that the profit motive is wrong, that the final solution is state control and ownership — all for all instead of each for himself? Perhaps that is correct, in theory, but the trouble with that is that it involves a submergence of individuals, which is the thing Americans, and the Brit-

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ish too, and the Scandinavians and the Dutch and the Swiss and the French have fought against most bitterly. It is a thing we won't stand for because we are men and not slaves. We don't want regimentation, and taking orders from dictators. We don't want dictators, whether their names be Huey Long or Hitler, Mussolini or Stalin, Mr. Smith or Mr. Roosevelt. That is where Mr. Smith was right, and that, I suppose, was what he really meant. He didn't express it well, I think, but that perhaps is what he meant.

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To Elinor Wylie

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

These are not pen-and-ink prints, but a bird's,
Small and most unimaginable, that flew
From some far kingdom, fabulous with words,
And rested on this page a minute or two.
These are not interrupted by vague terror,
Nor hurried into unfamiliar flight:
The delicate pattern never ravels error;
The picture never snarls in tangled fright.
This is the jeweled bird of fire and ice;
Immortal Phœnix wrought of ice and fire,
With plumage smooth and lucent and precise,
With emerald claws and crest of cunning wire;
This is the princess, this the bird she cages
In a proud secret book with curious pages.

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Political Imponderables

SCHUYLER C. WALLACE

THE opening guns of the presidential campaign have long since been fired. The pre-convention struggles are over. The two major parties in convention assembled have nominated their respective standard-bearers. The campaign is on.

During the late summer and early fall months the nominees and their lieutenants will present their respective cases to the country. The Democratic nominee will attempt to convince the electorate that New Deal policies rest on a sound economic foundation, that they have been ably administered, and that the country is well on the road to recovery. The Republican nominee, on the other hand, will endeavor to prove not only that the Administration's measures were badly conceived and wretchedly executed, but that the very recovery of which the Administration boasts rests on an unsound basis, in theory and in fact, and that four more years of the New Deal can lead only to catastrophe.

After listening to the arguments from both parties, and judicially weighing the facts and theories presented, the sovereign voter, laying aside all personal interests, will on November third, go to the polls and record his judgment. Such is the process of politics as it appears to the casual observer. But let's look behind the scenes! It is possible to present briefly a few of the more important factors and their make-up.

First, the political machines. It is the "organization" that must bear the brunt of the campaign. In each of the hundred thousand United States precincts are two precinct captains, one a Republican, the other a Democrat.

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Each of these has a co-captain of the opposite sex. Above them in the party hierarchy, stands the district or township leader; still further up looms the city or county committee, whose chairman is apt to be the city or county boss. These are the shock troops of the campaign. These are the individuals that ring the doorbells and engage in face-to-face propaganda. They "get out the vote" on election day. For months and years past they have been building up personal following which they hope to deliver at the polls.

How are these personal followings developed? The technique is the same the country over — through rendering personal service, through doing personal favors. In New York City — where Tammany still stands, — the technique is very simple. The district clubs still remain the most effective recreational, philanthropic and job-distributing centers in their localities.

The important question for us is: what is the relative efficiency today of the "organizations" in the two great political parties? If the Republican machine in the Empire state is effective, whereas the Democratic machine is torn apart by factional strife, the Republicans will have a tremendous advantage. But if the Republican machine in Indiana is "split wide open," whereas the Democratic is in high gear, the result in the Hoosier state will reverse that in New York.

But what makes for the greater efficiency of these local machines? In part we have the accident of leadership. Have the various leaders and sub-leaders received about what was coming to them? Or are powerful leaders struggling for supremacy? The morale of a political machine is greatly determined by patronage. In New York City, where the Democratic organization has controlled the spoils of the city and state, the "boys" have always had

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something to "work for." And, as Plunkett of Tammany Hall long ago remarked, nothing makes a man work so hard for his party as the prospect of a comfortable job on the government payroll. This technique is responsible for the high morale of the Republican machine in Pennsylvania.

It is impossible for anyone outside the headquarters of the two great parties to know which organization is at present the most efficient. This much, however, is certain: the tremendous opportunities for patronage that have been afforded by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, the Public Works Administration, the Works Progress Administration and the other emergency agencies have in no way decreased the efficiency of the Democratic machines.

Control of the instrumentalities of propaganda is an equally important factor. Chief among these are the radio, the movies, the press associations and newspapers and leading magazines. Because of its vulnerable position, the radio comes as close to being neutral as it is possible to be. Nevertheless, it is frequently used as an instrumentality of political propaganda and, as few who have followed the radio programs will deny, the advantage in its use rests with big business. The good-will advertising of the Ford Symphony Orchestra or the Consolidated Gas Company of New York is obviously not designed simply to sell Ford cars or to increase the use of the products of the Consolidated Gas. Philco's news commentator, Boake Carter, has his personal bias, and the same situation seems to apply to most commentators on contemporary affairs. Each reveals, consciously or unconsciously, his personal predilections and, in all probability, the predilections of his associates.

Although the propaganda of the movies is less evident,

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a recent analysis of the output of the eight largest producers in the field failed to reveal a single company that had not produced at least one or two obvious propaganda films in the last seven years. And those who lived through Sinclair's campaign for the governorship of California must realize that it was the movies that defeated the EPIC. A judicious selection of morons from among Sinclair's supporters, the presentation of their pictures on the screen — and the radical candidate was doomed.

The propaganda of the press is more direct. It varies in character from the colorless neutral, but nevertheless conservative *New York Times*, to the partisan *Post* or *Tribune;* or from the ultra-conservative *Saturday Evening Post*, to the pro-Administration journal, *Today*. A comparison of the *New York Evening Telegram* and the *Chicago Tribune* would furnish a simple example.

According to figures in the Report of President Hoover's Committee on Social Trends, published in 1933, there were 435 daily newspapers in the United States calling themselves Democratic, 204 Independent Democratic, 505 Republican and 252 Independent Republican. In addition some 792 newspapers insisted on the designation Independent. The allegiance of these newspapers is not fixed. If the paper changes hands or the owner changes his opinions the policy of the paper will, of necessity, change also.

The fact is that control of certain pieces of property — the radio, the movies, the press associations, the newspapers and many of the magazines — make it possible for a small group of individuals to influence public opinion. Their united strength behind either candidate would come very near to deciding the election. Needless to say, no such unanimity of action is probable, or even pos-

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sible, but an interesting question in the coming election is: how will the press divide? In the past, the Republicans have entered a presidential campaign with a tremendous advantage in press support — for the overwhelming majority of the so-called independent dailies usually discover, as the campaign progresses, that they are really Republican. Unless all signs fail, it looks as if the Republicans will enter this campaign with an even greater advantage than heretofore.

It is probable that the movies will remain neutral, and not repeat on a national scale their California campaign in 1934. In the first place, being primarily a business rather than a propaganda agency, the movies will hesitate to offend a number of patrons. This they inevitably will do if they take sides in the 1936 campaign. Secondly, the presence of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act upon the statute books suggests what might happen if by any chance they campaigned as a unit — and lost. And last, but not least, should the movies become an active rather than a potential instrumentality of propaganda, it is obvious that they might bring down upon themselves drastic government regulation.

Pressure groups are no new phenomena in the United States and in our political campaigns, dating back as they do to the very formation of the Union. Indeed, in a sense, we owe our present Constitution to a federation of commercial, banking, bondholding, real estate and slaveholding interests. Never before, however, have the pressure groups been so widely organized, so well led, or so generously financed. The most spectacular pressure group ever developed in the United States was the Anti-Saloon League, the organization that more than any other was responsible for putting across Prohibition. Yet the Anti-Saloon League represents a very small part

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of the pressure force which exists in this country. The number of these groups is legion. They are present in civic affairs, labor, agriculture and business. It is impossible to attempt a complete survey of these organizations in a single article. However, the more important ones can at least be listed.

In the field of agriculture are the Farm Bureau Federation, the National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry and the Farmers' Educational and Coöperative Union of America, all dedicated to the defense of the interests of the dirt farmer. In addition, there are numerous special associations representing the peculiar interests of some segment of agriculture. Of these, the American Dairy Federation, the American Fruit Growers, Inc., the Milk Producers' Federation and the American Sugar Cane League deserve particular notice. In the field of labor stand the American Federation of Labor with its one hundred or more national subsidiary unions, the Railway Brotherhoods and the various and sundry company unions.

The separate interests that exist in the field of business are even more diverse. At one time or another it is probable that every one of the powerful corporations listed on the New York Stock Exchange or on the Curb Exchange has participated in politics either to defend or to advance its interests. Chief among the business organizations continuously active in politics are the United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, the Institute of American Meat Packers, the American Railway Association, the American Bankers' Association, the Lumber Manufacturers Association, the American Mining Congress, the National Industries Board, the National Merchant Marine Association, the National Petroleum Association, the American Electric

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Railway Board, the National Committee on Gas and Electric Service, the National Committee on Public Utility Conditions, and the National Edison Institute.

In still another category fall the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the National Economy League, the Civil Service Reform League and the Methodist Board of Temperance and Public Morals.

The important fact is that America is divided into thousands of little groups, economic, religious, civic or patriotic. Each of these believes, or pretends to believe, that the advancement of its own peculiar interest or interests is inextricably bound up with the advancement of the general welfare. Consequently, one of the most absorbing questions at the present time is: how will the pressure groups line up?

That the Administration is cognizant of the necessity of placating certain of these organizations is shown by the pages of the daily papers. No less obvious, however, is the fact that their Republican rivals are equally sophisticated. Thus it is quite evident that the labor provisions of both the National Industrial Recovery Act and the Guffey Coal Bill are designed not merely to speed recovery but also to satisfy the demands of organized labor and, if possible, to line up votes for the Democratic party. Similarly, although the Triple-A, the Farm Credit Administration, and the other measures designed for agricultural relief undoubtedly can be defended on grounds of general sociological policy, it is apparent that they, too, were intended to win for the Administration the various agricultural blocs. To what extent the "silver interests" were directly responsible for the Administration's silver policy is still something known only to the insiders. There can be no doubt that a silver policy which radically enhances the value of newly mined silver will win

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the enthusiastic support of the silver kings and miners.

That certain pressure groups have already found their way into the Republican camp is evidenced by the pronouncements of the American Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers on New Deal Policy in general, by the bitter opposition shown to the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, by the Reserve City Bankers Association and by the controversy waged by the Stock Exchange over the Securities Exchange Act.

Will the farm groups support the Administration as a unit or will they be split? Will labor stand solidly for the New Deal, or will it follow industrial leadership? Will big business present a solid phalanx against the Administration? Or will the mining industries, the building industries, the railroads and the shipping interests finally decide that the Democrats have more to offer than the Republicans? What will be the stand of the little fellow? How will the merchant at the crossroads store react, or the shopkeeper on the city streets? These are some questions which the alignment of the pressure groups will answer.

In times past, sectionalism has played an important part in our politics. It was responsible for the Hartford Convention in 1815; it precipitated the nullification controversy in 1832; it was responsible for the Civil War, and although the force of nationalism was victorious in the field of battle, it did not eliminate sectionalism from the field of politics. In 1896 William Jennings Bryan attempted to challenge the political supremacy of the Republican leadership in the East and Middle West by combining the West and the South. The effort was a failure, but was repeated in 1900 and 1908, and finally succeeded under Woodrow Wilson.

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In 1924, Arthur W. Holcombe, an astute political observer, analyzing the play of political forces in the era since the Civil War, came to the conclusion that "each of the two major parties is founded upon a combination of several more or less distinct economic interests. Each of these interests dominates or greatly influences the politics of one of the economic regions into which the country is divided. . . . Neither of the combinations of economic interests which dominate the two major parties (however) is able to carry congressional and presidential elections and thereby control the Federal government without carrying a majority of (the) doubtful districts and some at least of (the) states in the doubtful sections. Each, therefore, must bid for the support of the interests which can turn the scales in those sections."

In 1934 an English observer, the Right Honorable Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, in commenting on the New America said: "We naturally conceive of the United States as one country, in the same sense as France or Italy. It is nothing of the kind. It is a group of countries. It is like a Free Trade Empire of seven great dominions, united for common purposes, but differing greatly one from another." Thus it is apparent that the factor of sectionalism, far from being passé, is very much alive.

That the Roosevelt Administration is fully aware of this fact is indicated by the policies it has espoused. The Triple-A is not merely a measure designed to alleviate the suffering of the marginal farmer, or to placate the demands of the agrarian pressure groups; it is also a technique for binding to the Democratic party the agricultural sections of the country. The Administration's silver policy is designed, or so it seems, to win the support of the silver kings and to carry the Rocky Mountain states. Nor has sectionalism been overlooked by the Adminis-

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tration in its allocation of money either for relief or for public works. The Republicans in their turn give ample evidence that they, too, are not insensible to the force of sectional interest. Already the eastern press is carrying feature articles designed to solidify sentiment against the Administration in New England and the middle states. Tax analyses have been widely syndicated which purport to show that whereas the benefits of the New Deal have gone chiefly to the solidly Democratic states of the South and Southwest, the tax burden will inevitably fall upon the northeastern states. Nor is it entirely without significance that the leading aspirants for the Republican nomination come from the doubtful portions of the Middle West.

What will be the outcome of these sectional appeals? Will the Republicans be able to reform that coalition of the Northeast and Middle West which has so long dominated America, or will Mr. Roosevelt be able to repeat the feat of Jefferson and Jackson and, by reëstablishing a liaison between the West and the South, transform the Democracy into the dominant party of the future?

A fifth factor is class. Although we pretend that there are no classes in America, classes do exist. Not in the Marxian sense, perhaps, for America is not aligned into the two hostile camps of labor and capital. It is, instead, divided into six or seven. Very little fundamental analysis of class has been made in America but nevertheless certain things are obvious. There is at the top a plutocracy, maintaining its yachts and its racing stables, living in a style to which few in America can ever aspire. Beneath them is the upper middle class — not sufficiently wealthy to be thought of as members of the plutocracy, but sufficiently wealthy to maintain a country house and a town house, well staffed with servants. Below them come what might

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be called the middle middle class — professional and business men with incomes from six thousand to fifteen thousand dollars. Then come the lower middle classes with incomes that grade from fifteen hundred to six thousand dollars. Still further down the scale is labor, and although skilled labor may attain an income that puts it in the lower middle class, unskilled labor rarely attains a decent living wage. In recent years two other groups have developed, and they must be included in any analysis of classes in America — those who are unemployed, and those who are employed only by virtue of the fact that they are on the government payroll.

Perhaps the chief reason we think of America as a classless society, is the ease with which it was possible to move from one class to another in the days that preceded the great depression. The sophisticated might scoff at the tales of Horatio Alger, but it was in reality possible to go from log cabin to White House, from bootblack to the presidency of a huge corporation. The fact that certain individuals had done so inspired many others with the hope that they, or at least their children, might do the same. Consequently, the traditional psychology of the mass of America is middle-class.

Even before the depression, a large number of the laboring class were becoming class-conscious; that is, they were coming to the conclusion that the fabled opportunities of previous decades were things of the past — that they and their children were doomed to be permanent members of the proletariat. The depression, which was felt most acutely by the laboring classes because of their meagre reserves, further helped to dissipate the golden dream that all who practiced the old time virtues would prosper. This disillusionment is not confined to the laboring classes alone but also to the small

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shopowners and white-collar workers who are developing a similar class point of view.

In the development of New Deal policies, Mr. Roosevelt has attempted to alleviate the suffering of vast segments of the population. Through his relief and public works program, he has conferred a huge boon on the nation's unemployed. Through the NRA he has attempted more or less successfully to improve the condition of both skilled and unskilled labor. Through the Triple-A and the Farm Credit Administration he has saved (temporarily at least) thousands of farmers from losing their farms. By virtue of the activities of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, thousands of home owners, who would otherwise have been evicted, still retain their old addresses.

On the other hand, the Triple-A and the government's financial policy have been two of the chief factors in increasing the cost of living, an increase that has affected those with fixed incomes and those with fixed salaries. More important, the mounting governmental expenditures are already responsible for increased governmental taxation. And in the light of the growing deficit, these increased taxes appear to be but a slight foreshadowing of what is to come. Through a tax program based on the principle of ability to pay, a substantial portion of these increased taxes can be made to fall upon the plutocracy, but it is already evident that the bulk of the necessary money cannot be secured from this single source. The upper middle class, the middle middle class and the lower middle class will have to contribute more than they have in the past. It is even quite possible that considerable of the burden will be passed on to labor as well. No less important in its psychological effect upon the voters, is the Administration's monetary policy. Inevitably the

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question arises in every mind: is it possible to have a controlled inflation, or will the government's tinkering with our monetary system result in a financial chaos similar to that which Germany has experienced?

This is the situation: Until the depression, middle-class psychology dominated America's thinking — but even before the depression there were signs that we were in a period of transition. Labor was becoming class-conscious, and the depression has greatly accentuated this tendency. The same is true of agrarian and white-collar workers.

Which way will these various classes line up in the 1936 campaign? Will the policies of the Administration unite the plutocracy and upper middle classes in a solid phalanx against the President? Or have certain segments of the upper classes received such favorable treatment that in the final showdown they will be on the Administration's side? Will the unemployed and those employed on public works, together with the laboring classes, and those who were saved in the possession of their farms and their homes, vote for the Administration as a unit? Or will America return once again to its traditional middle-class psychology and follow the lead of the upper classes? Here, more than anywhere, lies the mystery of the election.

Three other factors that have been significant in times past are race, nationality and religion. It is in the South that the factor of race plays its most important rôle, for the presence of a large negro population is primarily responsible for the concentration of the white race in a single dominant party. In consequence, irrespective of any disagreement there may be throughout the South with the measures of the Roosevelt Administration, one thing may be taken for granted: the presence of the

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negro race will of itself be sufficient to assure victory to the Democracy below the Mason and Dixon line.

Although the historical accidents that caused races, nationalities and religions to attach themselves to this political party or that, have long since passed from the memory of man, the historic allegiances of the various races will probably continue powerful. Thus the Irish will continue to vote Democratic, and the Scandinavians Republican. Whether Al Smith, who in 1928 symbolized the aspirations of the newer immigration, will be able to lead it out of the Democratic party if he should decide "to take a walk," still remains to be seen. At the moment, however, it looks as if the influence of race, nationality and religion will be an indirect rather than a direct factor in the campaign. Nevertheless, the Administration's policy in connection with Mexico, or with the treatment of the Jews in Germany, may make race or religion of determining importance.

Of greater importance, however, will be our economic situation. Just as the demoralization of the World War was largely responsible for the rise of Communism, Fascism and Naziism, social and economic conditions will affect the course of elections in the United States. In 1928 Al Smith was defeated not alone by religion and prohibition, but by prosperity. Although we had not yet attained the millennium described by Mr. Hoover — a chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage — we were much closer to it than we had ever been before. It is doubtful whether any Democratic candidate could have won the election of 1928. Similarly, in 1932, Herbert Hoover was defeated less by the campaign oratory of the candidate, or the brilliantly conceived strategies of the "Brain Trust," than by the depression.

If, at election time, the price of wheat and corn and

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other agricultural produce is up, if business recovery continues, if the stock market is rising, Franklin Delano Roosevelt's chances of reëlection are good. If, on the other hand, the bottom drops out of the commodity market, business slows down, and the stock market crashes, Franklin D. Roosevelt may be defeated.

In 1884 James G. Blaine went down to defeat largely because of the accident of having stood on the same platform with the man who coined the famous phrase, "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." Although the phrase suggests that religious bias was the decisive force in the campaign, it was only by the sheerest chance that it entered the campaign at all. But in politics there is always the possibility of a "break" which the opposing party may use to turn defeat into victory. Such a "break" may well occur in the course of the campaign of 1936.

In the last analysis, it will not necessarily be the candidate who has presented the most clear-cut program of action or that based on the soundest economic theory, who will win the election. Instead it may be (one is tempted to say will be) the candidate who has most successfully manipulated and placated the various and sundry forces that dominate America.

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Automobile Transport of the Future

MALCOLM CAMPBELL

WHEN reviewing the past history of automobile progress and development, one's thoughts stray irresistibly to the future, and the mind tries hard to picture what the future may hold. Automobile development includes a great many related issues which have nothing directly to do with the vehicle itself, and yet are inseparably bound up with it. When Gottlieb Daimler built his first motor car he inaugurated an era of locomotion that even he could not have imagined in the wildest of his day-dreams. For the motor car has literally changed the whole face of countries; it has altered all our modes of life, and made possible the conquest of the air — that goal at which man has aimed since the mythical days of Dædalus and Icarus.

When the automobile was invented there were no roads, as we now know them. In Europe, and particularly in England, the science of roadmaking had not progressed a single step from the time of those great builders, the Romans, until that of Telford and Macadam. In fact, it had retrograded. Forty years ago our roads were, comparatively speaking, mere tracks — pot-holed and full of ruts, blindingly dusty in summer and morasses of mud in the winter. Today there are in the world tens of thousands of miles of wide, safe highways, well engineered and perfectly surfaced, roads on which we travel swiftly, safely and in comfort such as was never dreamed of in the earlier years of the twentieth century. And this is due to an invention which, at the outset, was derided and scoffed.

The coming of the motor car not only changed the

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character of our highways, but led to a complete recasting of all laws and regulations governing their use. In England it was actually illegal to use any mechanically propelled vehicle on a public highway unless the speed were kept below four miles an hour and the vehicle preceded by a man on foot who carried a red flag! But, when at last it was realized that the motor car had possibilities, Parliament made a generous concession and sanctioned its use but restricted speed to twelve miles an hour. Although we sometimes laugh at the grandmotherly caution of the legislators, we must recall that the vehicle was experimental. It is not surprising that laws relating to its use were of an equally experimental nature. Today, however, such repressive measures are things of the past. All highway legislation is motor legislation — for better or for worse!

Often I reflect on the enormous progress that has been made in automotive engineering and find myself wondering what more there is to come. I am sometimes told that unless new discoveries are made in power production or a new prime mover bursts upon the world, there is little more to be done. The motor car, they say, has now reached such a degree of relative perfection that further improvement, except in detail, seems almost impossible. But twenty years ago, the same things were being said. In the face of the discoveries and improvements which have taken place in both air and land transport in this short space of time, it would seem to me as if we have only just started.

Let us glance for a moment at the landmarks set by successive world's speed records. Ten years ago I was fortunate enough to be the first to exceed 150 miles an hour. Today, we have quite small cars that are easily capable of far higher speed than this. A fraction under

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200 miles per hour has been attained by a German car of comparatively low horsepower rating. Progressively the records have climbed to 200 miles per hour, then to 250 and now the world's fastest land speed stands at just over 301 miles per hour. That this last record was made by myself is beside the point; I quote the figures to show that far from our having reached a limit of development, we are really progressing at an astonishing rate. In the last ten years have come the application of supercharging, advanced practice in the metallurgy of the car, better balancing of moving parts enabling engines to run at speeds formerly deemed fantastic, and a general improvement which has made the car a mechanical marvel.

Most of this is simply the resurrection of the dry bones of history. But when we seek soberly to probe into the future we can be guided only by what has gone before. Of course, we can sit and dream of the things that might be if we had the power to summon genii to whom the building of palaces in a night would be a simple task. If I had Aladdin's lamp, I should call up my genii and tell them to produce for me a perfect system of transport, with perfect roads for it to run upon, with a perfectly safe system of signaling which would make collision at crossroads or elsewhere an absolute impossibility — and then proceed to enjoy the result. But, on second thought, I wonder if I should do anything of the kind. Why worry at all about road transport when I should only have to tell my genii that I wanted to see my friends in America again, to visit all the great cities of the United States once more, and that they should see I went well provided with money. In a matter of seconds I should be in New York. No, I don't think I should trouble about any other kind of transport than that!

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However, having no genii, our practical concern has nothing to do with magic, either black or white. What can we anticipate for the future of road transport? Will the future be even concerned with roads at all? Will the vehicle itself simply pursue a logical process of improvement along more or less accepted lines, or are we destined to see within the next two or three decades some startling discovery in engineering or science which will invalidate all our present ideas of road locomotion?

For years research workers have been struggling with the problem of the internal combustion turbine. Often it has been reported that a solution had been found, only for the machine which had worked so well on the drawing board to disappear into the oblivion that follows practical failure. I am not sufficiently versed in the technical difficulties which attend the construction of a practical engine of the turbine type to be able to predict whether they are insuperable or whether they are likely in the near future to be surmounted. Unquestionably, if the problem is soluble and the internal combustion turbine should become an accomplished fact, it will in time alter our whole conception of the motor car. In road transport it would work an even greater revolution than the steam turbine has in maritime navigation. But here again we come up against the most embarrassing word in the language — *if!* Although I prefer that my opinion should not be regarded as prophetic, I believe that the solution to which I have referred will be found, and that in a few years the turbine will be a practical proposition. It will use heavy oil for fuel, thus adding to its many other manifest advantages over engines of the reciprocating type that of cheapness of running costs. This may not have such a strong appeal in America, where fuel is relatively cheap, as it has in Europe, where fuel costs are

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high because gasoline is imported by most countries. Nevertheless, it is an element of development that cannot be ignored.

We can go much farther in our speculations than the turbine which is, after all, only the logical sequel to the reciprocating motor. There are possibilities in the extended use of wireless waves for vehicle propulsion. I can easily imagine that scientific discoveries along this line of research may ultimately result in the erection of huge power-transmitting stations, near to the sources of coal and oil supplies, which will radiate untold thousands of horsepower into the ether, to be picked up by antennæ on the road vehicles, in turn to drive through a modified form of electric motor which will transmit its power to the road wheels. Let us imagine for a moment how completely such a form of propulsion would change the conditions of road use, taxation and all the rest. Obviously, the state could not be expected to provide free power for all. Even less could it be provided by private corporations. Indeed, the latter can be left out of our calculations — such a scheme could only be worked by the state. How should we pay for our power? The most obvious method would be the use of meters registering the amount of wireless energy consumed.

Instead of the vehicle being taxed as it is now, I suppose we should pay a levy based on horsepower — or we might reckon in terms of horsepower and the probable amount of energy required. When the amount of energy paid for has been consumed, I can imagine that an automatic switch would come into operation and bring the vehicle to a standstill. Going a step farther in the organization of our road transport scheme, instead of the service and filling stations so familiar today, we should have at intervals along the highways, taxgatherers' booths

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to which one could go and pay another instalment of the duty-cum-power impost. An official would accompany the traveler back to his vehicle, unlock the switch and away would go the motorist, secure for another few thousand miles. Improbable? Well, perhaps it is, but then there are so many things that are commonplaces today which only yesterday were utter impossibilities.

Take another more imaginative field of speculation: we know that millions of horsepower latent in the solar rays are allowed to run waste because science has discovered no method of harnessing them to the use of man. I know the joke about bottled sunshine, but I should not like to deny hope of a future discovery which will turn those millions of horsepower into useful work. And power latent in solar rays brings to mind another possible line of discovery which may have a profound effect upon locomotion. We know how certain light rays have been separated and made to contribute to human well-being. We know, too, that there remain other light rays which only require separating and controlling to be of use in many directions. Is it not possible that future transport may depend upon some hitherto unknown or unseparated ray? All these things are in the lap of the future and we have nothing to guide us in our speculations save our knowledge of past scientific discovery and progress. But nothing is definitely impossible which does not predicate a complete reversal of some fundamental law of nature.

I have pointed out as a possibility that the future of transport may not concern roads at all. A future development which I foresee is a hybrid type of machine that will be neither wholly aircraft nor wholly motor car, designed mainly to run upon the roads and to take to the air for short distances when desired. It is unnecessary to suggest the manifest advantages of such a type, or the

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saving of time and distance resulting from its use in such circumstances as the crossing of lakes and estuaries. Just how far a machine of this type could be adapted to heavy transport use is problematical, but there is no question of its practicability as a successor to the present type of passenger car. As a matter of cold fact, I believe there are even now in existence certain designs which require comparatively small modification to constitute the prototype of what I am certain will become a real feature among transport vehicles. The obvious beginnings must be with machines of the autogiro type, but we cannot believe that they will be the last word in the land-air machine of the future. One might visualize the land-air vehicle as a huge, torpedo-shaped vessel, propelled at perhaps a thousand miles an hour by some motive power outside our present knowledge, skimming the earth's surface at an altitude of no more than a couple of thousand feet and able to land with ease and safety almost anywhere on the broad highways which, by then, will have come into being for the use of land transport.

One could continue these imaginative flights into the future, almost without end. But it is well to hold the imagination within bounds. I do not for a moment believe that we shall awake one morning to the news of some shattering discovery which will, in an instant, destroy all our preconceived ideas of locomotion and waft us straight into a new era. On the contrary, I am more than ever certain that the future is bound up with progressive research, painstaking scientific investigation, and gradual improvement of what we now have.

I think the same is to be said of the future of the highways. Indeed, I would say that their development is even more a matter of gradual evolution than is that of the means of locomotion. A clever designer, who has hit

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upon some hitherto undiscovered secret in carburation, for example, may produce a car which will modify many of our notions of the best manner of achieving very high speeds. But there are no such opportunities for discovery where roads are concerned. We probably know already most things that are to be known about materials and methods of construction best suited to carry our traffic. Provision for the immediate future seems to be rather a matter for intelligent anticipation of tomorrow's needs than for revolutionary methods.

If the steady and speedy flow of road transport is to be maintained, we shall have to recast a great many of our ideas of control, which is another way of saying that many legislative changes will be called for. As I have noted earlier, traffic law has grown up by stages. As new conditions arose, new enactments were grafted on to the old stock. But we have now come to the point where conditions can no longer be met by fresh grafting. I think that is a situation which is common to every country in the world. I believe it can best be met by assembling an international traffic convention for the express purpose of examining traffic law as a whole, with a view to drawing up a code which, modified to suit the differing conditions of the various countries, would serve as a basis for the traffic laws of the world.

This may sound like a visionary remedy but I am convinced that such a convention, or something like it, will be found essential in the near future. I believe I am right in saying that Americans find the differing laws and regulations of the several states often conflicting and difficult for the traveler to understand, and therefore to comply with. I have heard, during my visits to the United States, the opinion expressed that there should be a single Federal code, known and understood by all. As road

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transport increases in volume, as new highways are opened up, giving access to wider tracts of country, that need will become more insistent.

Conditions in Europe are not widely different, and if we regard the Continent as being somewhat analogous to the United States, countries being substituted for the individual states, I think the necessity will be apparent. The motor car has made travel international. It is bound to become more so as the years pass, and a common code of highway laws will be not only desirable but absolutely necessary. We look to foreign travel to further the peace of the world by effecting a better understanding between nations. Anything that can foster the spirit of good will and accord born of such understanding will be pure gold. But there is nothing more likely to undo the good resulting from a free intermingling of peoples, than the friction produced by laws unknown or imperfectly understood.

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Pastel for the Month of Roses

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

Suddenly, triumphantly —
After the six-month winter stripped gaunt and starving;
After the rain and then snow and then rain again;
After April's false promise;
After May multicolored
With firebush peach-hued and flambent,
Yellow forsythia,
White creaming boughs of the apple,
And the elms' tops lacy and fragile;
After all this —
June comes full and lush like the meadows that soon will
be ripe for hay;
June comes lazy and warm like the pearl of the mist on
salt marshes.
And the orchard oriole sways from his branch by the
barn,
Black wings and tawny orange.
And under my window the double-boled sickle-pear tree,
Her blossoms shed,
Their petals blown drift on the lawn,
Wears on each limb the tiny green ripening swellings
That will be brown fruit in the fall.

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We Call upon America

THOMAS RIGGS, JR.

WHEREAS it is inevitable that this country will be engaged in war within the next thirty years, and *whereas* it is by all accounts likely that every man of military age will have a part in this war,

"*We, therefore*, demand that the Government make known its intention to pay an adjusted service compensation, sometimes called a bonus, of $1000 to every male citizen between the ages of 18 and 36. Furthermore, we believe a study of history demonstrates that it is customary to pay all bonuses before they are due. Therefore we demand immediate cash payment, plus three percent interest compounded annually and retroactively from the first of June 1965, to the first of June 1935. It is but common right that this bonus be paid now, for many will be killed or wounded in the next war, and hence they, the most deserving, will not get the full benefit of their country's gratitude;

"*And whereas* the women of America will suffer no less than the men in the coming strife,

"*We, therefore* offer to the American women the following subsidiary organization: the Home Fire Division of the Veterans of Future Wars which shall be open to all mothers and future mothers of male children, and to future wives of Veterans of Future Wars. . . . The purpose of this organization shall be to obtain for all aforementioned mothers an immediate trip to Europe to view the future battlefields of their present and future children, and to obtain for the future wives a pension of fifty dollars per month during the remainder of their natural life. . . .

"*We hold this* to be entirely in keeping with the ideals

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and precedents of American government; we hold it to be logical and sound; we call upon all the manhood and womanhood of America to respond to our cause. . . .

"*America for Americans.*"

Taken from the Manifesto of the Veterans of Future Wars (permission for reprint of this portion of the Manifesto has been granted by the copyright owners), these few words are the call to a cause which is sweeping the country. As is the case with any patriotic organization, misrepresentation and whispering campaigns are the reactions of the communistic and fascistic elements of the political machine — who, to cloak their own true shape, brand the Veterans of Future Wars with these same terms. By the inexorable rules of reason there is no answer to our just demands: they should be supported by every truly patriotic citizen of the United States, for the simple reason that the problem presented by the war on which we are about to embark will have its effects on each one of us individually.

The custom of paying bonuses before they are due is deeply rooted in the tradition of our country, indeed in the history of civilization. In 1076 the Nizam al Mulk of Persia gave a hundred pieces of silver and some land to all those about to engage in battle. From these humble beginnings the tradition gradually emerged. George Washington and Abraham Lincoln advocated the payment of soldiers' bonuses before they were due. The soldiers' bonus after the War of 1812 took forty-nine years to mature; after the Mexican War it took about thirty years, after the Civil War about twenty-five years, after the Spanish-American War about twenty years, and after the World War it only took twelve. Following this arithmetical progression, we shall be paid our bonus some years before the next war, which is entirely con-

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sistent with the increased acceleration of modern life.

Unfortunately, due to the misrepresentations and slander of the red element, our brothers in other patriotic veterans' organizations have not realized the justice of our position. They do not realize that it is upon their patriotism and upon their example that we have builded our cause. They have been led by the spite of jealous agitators to believe that we are satirizing them. On the contrary, we have the highest sympathy for their past achievements in the advancement of enlightened legislation, and with their purposes and aims as stated in the constitutions of their associations. We feel sure that upon serious consideration of our case they will eject from their midst those agitators who have been blinding their eyes to the truth, and will support the Veterans of Future Wars in their efforts to continue Progress in the land in which we live.

The criticism which has come in from these misled members of the American Legion and of the Veterans of Foreign Wars has taken the form of invective of the bitterest sort, showing how their minds are blinded, and how unhealthy passion has led their reason and their true patriotism astray. These criticisms are generally in the form of anonymous letters, showing at least that they have some sense of shame at what they are doing.

For example, the Yankee Division Post No. 272 of the Veterans of Foreign Wars has gone on record as not approving the future veterans and their movement, with several letters evincing more uncontrollable excitement than mature consideration. A Brooklyn post of the same organization has called us "welchers" and "slackers." A Pennsylvania post has passed the following resolution: "*Resolved*, that the members of this post denounce, criticize, and condemn such actions and statements (as ours)

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as the most COMMUNISTIC, UN-AMERICAN, and RIDICULOUS (caps not mine) which have ever been allowed to be published and broadcast thus jeopardizing the Veterans of the World War." The supreme logic of such statements speaks for itself.

Congressman Fuller from Arkansas, in a speech on the floor of the House, made a most amusing burlesque on typical opposition attack, exaggerating their inconsistencies in a very effective demonstration. Said Representative Fuller, "The organization has every earmark of communism. It invites fascists and pacifists for membership. . . . Their conduct shows that they are saturated with communism, foreign influence, and a total disregard of true American patriotism. . . . Such organizations are unworthy of public notice and should be denounced by every true American." I wish to take this opportunity to thank Congressman Fuller for conveying so vividly the illogic of the methods of our critics.

Commander James E. Van Zandt, of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, has baited this organization since its beginning. Challenged to a formal debate by Commander Lewis J. Gorin, Jr., he accepted the debate on the condition that it be fitted into his Arizona speaking tour. When wired that radio arrangements were complete for a coast-to-coast broadcast on which he could speak from Phoenix and Gorin from New York, he declared he was too busy "caring for our disabled veterans and our widows and orphans to waste time debating with college boys who were babes in arms when present day veterans' problems were being created." He then announced his immediate departure for Japan. Said Commander Gorin, "This is a most surprising action from the man who saw fit to call us yellow monkeys. We feel that it would only be diplomatic courtesy for the government of the United

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States to warn Japan of the treasury-raiding habits of Commander Van Zandt." In a recent interview in Oregon Commander Van Zandt added one to the roster of "communists, fascists, and pacifists" by terming us "tools of Wall Street," which is all very confusing to us. Incidentally, we have been informed that Van Zandt himself is heading the "red" agitation which is attacking us at the present time.

The problem of persuading the members of the opposition camp that our demand for a bonus will not take any money from their pockets is a difficult one, but once the first flush of anger is subsided, we hope that our requests will be reviewed in the light of sanity, though for some of our critics that will not be possible. We feel sure that the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Veterans of Future Wars can work together for mutual benefit, which will also be of benefit to the country as a whole. Like them, we wish to be first in war, first in peace, and first in the Treasury of our country.

Commander Van Zandt himself has said that "war is inevitable in Europe. . . . I don't think anything can stop it." If this be the case, our objective is the payment immediately of adjusted service compensations to our membership. But of course, if we are to keep our positions of national power, we owe to our membership more than this. Following the example of other bonus veterans, we expect to offer all members of the Veterans of Future Wars a number of services which will ease the situation of financial stringency in which they now find themselves. It is obviously unfair that the future veterans, who will make the supreme sacrifice for their country, be expected to support the organization which should be the means for supporting them: we expect and demand, as custom decrees, that the taxpayer, through Congress, remove

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this burden from our hands. In view of these reasons we are asking, besides our bonus:

(1) *Future Veterans' Preference.* Whereas it is an established precedent in this country that veterans receive, at the behest of the various national, state, and local legislative bodies, preference in competitive examinations and in all forms of promotion and retention in the public service, therefore be there enacted by the aforesaid legislative bodies,

AN ACT: TO SECURE FUTURE VETERANS' PREFERENCE. This act provides for the granting of additional points to all future veterans taking competitive examinations for government positions, the preference of members of the Veterans of Future Wars in all cases, preference in promotion, and protection in case of necessary dismissals. It is based on a bill before Congress, H.R. 11065, entitled "*A Bill* to give veterans of war service in the war with Spain and in the World War, and wives of disabled veterans who themselves are not qualified, preference in all employment where Federal funds are dispersed." This bill states that "veterans of the military and naval services of the United States . . . shall be given preference in certification for appointment, in appointment, in reinstatement, in retention, and in employment for civilian positions in all regularly constituted executive branches of the government and any emergency administrations or bureaus created. . . ." We call upon the supporters of this bill for preference for past veterans to see that the same preference is granted veterans of the future.

(2) *Loan of equipment for annual convention.* This bill will provide for the loan of equipment from the War Department to the Veterans of Future Wars for their annual convention to be held this summer. It is based on H.R.

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11075, the object of which is to authorize the Secretary of War to lend War Department equipment for the use of the Eighteenth Annual Convention of the American Legion.

(3) *A Bill to Incorporate the Veterans of Future Wars of the United States.* We ask the government of the United States to grant a Federal charter to the Veterans of Future Wars defining their purpose, safeguarding their rights, and protecting their income. The Veterans of Foreign Wars have done the same. We believe that since the Veterans of Future Wars are as much a national organization as the Veterans of Foreign Wars and serve a purpose equally patriotic, they should receive similar recognition from the government.

(4) *A Bill to exempt all real and personal property of Veterans of Future Wars, Inc., and of any and all members of Veterans of Future Wars, Inc., from any Federal, state, or local taxation.* Inasmuch as it is inevitable that we support the government with our lives, we feel that it is unfair that we be asked to support the government financially also.

(5) *A Bill to provide for the immediate refund of all interest paid in the future by Veterans of Future Wars on loans secured by service compensation certificates.* Our precedent for this will be found in H.R. 11524, which provides the same for veterans of past wars.

These are the immediate and specific objectives of the Veterans of Future Wars. We reiterate that everything we demand has its legal and moral precedent in the actions of other veterans' associations; like them our motto may be briefly stated, "take the cash and let the credit go."

I have emphasized the mistaken tactics used by the opposition merely to point out the dangers with which true patriotism is beset today. But such critics are in the

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minority: the intelligent people throughout the country are solidly behind the Veterans of Future Wars. Newspaper clippings received in National Headquarters have been in the ratio of 6 to 1 favorable to the future veterans. All correspondence, including anonymous crank letters received by the National Council and the administration of Princeton University, is 8 to 1 favorable. In the face of such indisputable evidence one cannot help but realize the tremendous appeal that the movement carries, and the necessity in American public life which it fulfils.

Something of the history of the organization and its activities to date will help explain it further. On March 16, 1936 the first Manifesto of the Veterans of Future Wars appeared in "The Daily Princetonian." On the following day newspapers throughout the country carried the story. Without a day's delay a wave of enthusiasm swept the country and washed innumerable requests for information in the direction of the National Council. Groups of those subject to the exigencies of the next war demanded charters for the formation of local posts. Routine for post organization was set up, and offices were acquired on Nassau Street to handle the voluminous correspondence. The sentiment was crystallized in further statements from Headquarters and in further press releases.

The first concrete step towards securing our bonus was the inauguration of lobbying activities in Washington. I had the honor of being delegated by the National Council to make the initial contacts with members of the United States Congress, and can report that with few exceptions both the House and the Senate are behind us. In time we intend to set up permanent offices in Washington with a highly overpaid lobbyist to carry on the legislation necessary for the advancement of our cause.

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Mass meetings throughout the country have further served in the propagation of the gospel. In Princeton, three times has the largest auditorium available been filled to capacity by audibly interested crowds. At the first of these, National Councilman John Paul Jones sounded the keynote when he said, "Manifest destiny has laid another golden egg . . . and what are we going to do about it?" Congressman Maverick of Texas addressed the third meeting in Alexander Hall, pointing out future lines for constructive development. In Chicago, New Haven, New Brunswick, and in other cities from California to Maine similar gatherings evinced similar enthusiasm. How, in the face of this, can our critics continue to voice their misguided and illogical opinions?

Within the brief period of its existence, the Veterans of Future Wars, together with the Home Fire Division, have set up some three hundred and fifty posts in key positions throughout the country, with an estimated membership of twenty-eight thousand. These numbers are increasing every day, with increasing returns from the mass of citizenry aroused to the cause of "justice for all — especially the future veterans."

By the time of the National Convention this summer, we expect to have at least fifty thousand members. With the millions of young and intelligent people throughout the country to draw from, within a year we shall have a membership equal to that of any patriotic organization in the nation.

Treasury raids, bonus grabs, and warpings of American military and foreign policy under the cloak of patriotism, by highly organized minorities with paid lobbies in Washington, are the precedents on which the Veterans of Future Wars are founded. I feel that the continuation of these tactics will result in depleting the national Treas-

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ury before this country is plunged into the next war. Therefore, and on the basis of precedent, the Veterans of Future Wars are out for governmental gratuities for their future services, while there is still something left in the Treasury — and while we are still alive to enjoy it. We call upon America to support our cause!

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Some Recent American Fiction

LLOYD MORRIS

NOT LONG ago, our leading novelists were producing an unusual commentary on American life. One subject had engrossed nearly all of them, and for a few years their books read as if they were reporting on a common enterprise. These were the novels which related an American's earnest, if bewildered, quest for a philosophy capable of reconciling him to his environment. Man's effort to dominate his experience, and thus to master his environment, is among the oldest of literary themes. But contemporary American novelists gave it a rather original turn. In their chronicles of quest, birth in a long established society afforded the seeker no handicap. Projected against the American background of today, he suffered the hardships incurred by any pioneer of the spirit. He was a reservoir of intellectual ambition, but he was unfortunately isolated in a wasteland. The society which had bred him was forgetful of its past and incurious about its future. It had substituted conventions for principles, and a prohibitory morality for a passionate faith. It had preserved no ancestral wisdom, retained no collective experience, and inherited no fertile ideals. It was, according to these novelists, a society that lacked a living culture.

This view of American society is not peculiar to the writers of our own time. Earlier novelists, portraying the life they observed, ignored the existence of an intellectual and spiritual tradition which, by furnishing its ideals, partly determined its character. Even less excusably, they were inclined to neglect the ferment of ideas from which tradition constantly renews its vitality, and which

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in the United States has always spread widely over the national life. Their indifference accounts for the relative thinness of the older American fiction, much of which now reads as if it had been inspired rather by an interest in the art of writing than a genuine and lively emotion about life. It accounts, likewise, for an effect of satire, often unintended, but seldom absent from even the greatest American novels. To become significant in art, experience must be referred to enduring standards of value. But as such points of reference have rarely been implied by American novelists, irrelevance has, on the whole, given their picture of life a satirical cast. During the past twenty years, the most notable characteristic of our fiction has been a mood of disillusion. This expressed itself in moral indictment of various aspects of American life. Readers were not slow to perceive a conspicuous flaw in this indictment. Inviting contempt for a way of living, it proposed no vision of a better way of life. Perhaps this was due to divorce from a vital tradition which, endowing manners with meaning and relating the circumstances of life to ultimate purposes, embodies an immediate standard of judgment.

Several recent tendencies in American fiction suggest that this divorce is coming to an end. They make their appearance at a time when, in most regions of American life, the authority of tradition has perceptibly declined; when the existence led by a majority of people fails to correspond with their desires or beliefs; when the basic assumptions of democratic society are being seriously challenged; when, comparing the old American dream and the actual American reality, many thoughtful observers are asking whether things have not gone radically amiss. Thus, it is surely no accident that the most important tendency in our recent fiction springs from an

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impulse to interpret the present in the light of the past.

The best novels that have been produced by this impulse are remarkably free from sentimental nostalgia and from the motive of escape which sometimes inspires writers in periods of widespread confusion and unrest. In general, their authors are profoundly concerned with a contemporary predicament and use history as a resource or an instrument. They are studying the forces of continuity and change, the inflexible persistence of a spiritual life in an environment subject to abrupt and extensive mutations. Because they have ranged, for the setting of their stories, from New England to the Middle West and the South, many critics have assumed that their work constitutes a revival of regionalism. But to so regard it is probably to misunderstand its significance. These writers, for the first time in our literature, are using specific locality to illustrate a theme national in scope and application. So marked, and so very successful, is their use of the characteristically local to express what is nationally true, as to suggest that the novelist who will speak best for the whole of America may be one who will write with insight and love only about Nebraska, or Maine, or Oregon.

Each of the novelists whose work falls within this tendency has, at some point, inevitably touched the main stream of American tradition. But only a philosopher would have conceived the project of a novel in which that tradition itself should serve as protagonist. And only a consummate artist would have been able to realize it. To compose such a novel is, in effect, to undertake a biography of the American mind and heart. It implies a dramatic rendering of the vicissitudes they have suffered and the conquests they have enjoyed. It exacts a vision of what their moral destiny may hold. Mr. George Santa-

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yana describes "The Last Puritan" as a memoir in the form of a novel. We should certainly miss its notable implications by failing to perceive that it is likewise an allegory in the form of a memoir.

It is an allegory of the career of that moral idealism which shaped, for the American people, both their reality and their dream. The passion which brought the Puritans to this continent was ethical. They came in the hope of living more fully and perfectly in the spirit. Liberty of conscience was for them a condition, but conscience itself was a final authority. As Mr. Santayana observes, "though almost everything might be wrong, the inner oracle that condemned and rejected was sure of being itself right, and was not in the least dismayed." Their migration was not finished when they established their meeting-houses in the wilderness. They were a people fanatically attached to what might be and ought to be. They were continually betrayed by the prophecies of their imagination into deserting the actual. Hence the successive waves of migration, physical and spiritual; flights from new idols and bondages imposed by prosperity, difficult pilgrimages toward greater freedom and ultimate truth.

Austere moral principles proved not to be necessarily incompatible with an efficient materialism about material affairs. The democratic ideal intensified a "hatred of all shams, scorn of all mummeries, a bitter merciless pleasure in the hard facts." In time, having absorbed the immigrant hordes who arrived, not with the hope of living in a pious commonwealth, but of prospering in a fortunate one, America became a land where failure in one quarter signified only an opportunity to succeed in another. Meanwhile, the original strain of moral idealism, fortified by democratic convictions and,

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still later, Transcendental philosophy, expressed itself as an articulate theory of life. The American mind and heart were perpetually driven to new excursions toward freedom and truth. The American imagination came to seek refuge in the future, localizing there that celestial city which it passionately desired but never explicitly prefigured. Each fresh material conquest promised to inaugurate the altars of that city, but its temples consistently failed to rise upon solid foundations of reality, and the pilgrimage always went on. So the American spiritual tradition imposed a ceaseless materialism in the service of an elusive ideal. The mind and heart were continually disenchanted by reality, which resembled an illusion, and the imagination was always deceived by a vision which had become the only reality worthy of pursuit.

Such, briefly recapitulated, is the allegory richly and persuasively unfolded by Mr. Santayana's novel. Critics have detected a note of melancholy in its conclusion, as if the author were elegizing a tradition that had died leaving no legitimate heirs. The passage which gives this impression occurs in a revery of the central character: "My people first went to America as exiles into a stark wilderness to lead a life apart, purer and soberer than the carnival life of Christendom. We were not content to be well-dressed animals, rough or cunning or lustfully prowling and acquisitive, and perhaps inventing a religion to encourage us in our animality. We will not now sacrifice to Baal because we seem to have failed. We will bide our time. We will lie low and dip under, until the flood has passed and wasted itself over our heads. We are not wanted. In the world today we are a belated phenomenon, like April snow. Perhaps it is time for us to die. If we resist, and try to cling to the fringes, as I have

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done so far, we are shaken off rudely, or allowed to hang on neglected and disowned. . . . We will not accept anything cheaper or cruder than our own conscience. We have dedicated ourselves to the truth, to living in the presence of the noblest things we can conceive. If we can't live so, we won't live at all." But it is possible to interpret this valedictory as a kind of challenge, such as might conceivably be uttered by the old American spirit in a time of moral confusion; as an assertion of integrity strong enough to defy unpropitious circumstance, and willing, therefore, to accept temporary abeyance. It is profitable, moreover, to remember that in cultivating fiction Mr. Santayana did not abdicate philosophy. For a philosopher the death of any spiritual tradition, however noble or misguided, is only incidentally an occasion for elegy. It is, for him, more properly an invitation to wisdom.

But the tone of elegy imputed to Mr. Santayana is not absent from American fiction today. A number of the novelists whose recovery of the past has led them to compare the old American dream and contemporary American reality have adopted it. Some of them have likewise left their theme unresolved, so that their books seem to challenge the present to discover objectives as pertinent to the human spirit as those which it has renounced. This effect is strongly present in the excellent Maine novels of Miss Mary Ellen Chase, in Miss Ellen Glasgow's "Vein of Iron," in Mr. George Hummel's "Heritage." It is implicit in Mr. Stark Young's "So Red the Rose." It might equally have been discerned in two admirable novels which anticipated the current tendency, but belong within it: Mr. Glenway Wescott's "The Grandmothers" and Mr. Louis Bromfield's "The Farm." All these writers have recorded the persistence

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of certain traits of character and certain attitudes of spirit in an environment which, at first responding to them, has by the very nature of its metamorphosis ceased to do so. Miss Chase's Crocketts lose their wealth, their home, and finally their vocation. Mr. Wescott's Towers abandon their ancestral acres, and with them, a way of life. The farm cherished by four generations in Mr. Bromfield's novel falls to the hands of realtors and immigrants. The manse of Miss Glasgow's pioneer clergymen falls into decay. In all four books we leave the present generation facing, either with defiance or perplexity or resignation, a society which has invalidated their tradition and discounted their inherited aptitudes. These books are representative. Disenchantment by reality; deception by the illusion of ideals always passionately served, yet never completely realized. The novels of those American writers who have undertaken to interpret the present in the light of the past imply this as their conclusion.

We shall see why if we turn aside to consider another type of novel. The school of moral satirists led by Mr. Sinclair Lewis could supply many reasons, but the dice of their thought is loaded. However, neither Mr. Booth Tarkington nor Mr. T. S. Stribling can be fairly accused of prejudice against the contemporary American scene. From the outset of his career Mr. Tarkington has, to the contrary, indicated a delighted acquiescence in his environment. Certain attitudes of mind generally assumed to be characteristically American have been indisputably his. Unquenchable confidence in the future; cheerful experimentalism; invincible goodwill; a disposition to choose a middle course; a happy faith that society, civilization, and culture were on the right road of progress: all these have found abundant expression in Mr. Tarking-

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ton's work. So abundant, indeed, that he has sometimes seemed like an apostle to an already converted public, and always like the spokesman in art of the great American middle class.

"The Lorenzo Bunch," a novel which is in many respects inferior to his best, is nevertheless both unique and important. In it, Mr. Tarkington has offered what appear to be the fruits of his faith, and they are extremely bitter. In it he represents for us a microcosm of the American middle class; ignorant, soulless, vulgar, materialistic, complacent, timid, content with childish recreations and immersed in trivial occupations without reference to any ultimate purpose. It is a portrait drawn in vitriol, as if Mr. Tarkington, resentfully brooding on his protracted self-deception, had resolved to utter the truth as he now sees it. But it is a portrait, not a caricature. It is a veracious account of what large tracts of the American scene must be like, and its moral implications are not to be lightly disregarded. With it, Mr. Tarkington confronts the society to which he has given lifelong allegiance and says: "For you a continent was colonized and settled. For you wars were fought, men labored and suffered, and a civilization was brought into being. Far better that all had been left undone!"

Mr. Stribling, although he offers no less acrid a conclusion, does so with the skeptical indifference of one who, not thinking too well of the human race, can deny himself surprise at its prevailing obliquity. "The Sound Wagon" deals specifically with politics, and from that sphere of activity, contrives an arraignment of the whole social fabric. It surveys the public and private career of a reformer. Potentially virtuous, but abysmally ignorant, he is corrupted by his own vanity and the pressure inexorably put upon him by a society without mor-

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als, ideals, or social conscience. Relentlessly predatory in its collaborative individualism, this society does not lack intelligence. But intelligence, Mr. Stribling implies, is an amoral function, the fruits of which will be good or evil as it addresses itself to worthy or unworthy ends. The right use of intelligence, in his view, presupposes an ethical tradition or a spiritual ideal which will chasten it.

The society which he observes acknowledges neither. What he shows is the fatal tendency of the human spirit to take on the moral color of its environment and sink its capacities to the general level of expectation. The result, as expressed in his novel, is disagreeable to contemplate but profoundly convincing. If we accept Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Stribling as sober appraisers of the contemporary American scene, it is easy to understand why the novelists previously mentioned leave us with an unresolved theme, and the perception of an irreconcilable disharmony between the old American tradition and the new American life.

Neither Mr. Tarkington's picture nor Mr. Stribling's is an achievement in art. It is pleasant to turn back from them to those novels which attempt the transfer to art of aspects of the past. Mr. Paul Horgan's "Main Line West" is one of the very few such novels to contain a note of prophecy about the future. In it, he has joined two related themes either of which might tax the resources of a less ambitious novelist. That he has not perfectly fused them is scarcely surprising; but since the book is evidently a prelude to subsequent novels, their fusion may have been deliberately postponed. One of his themes is the migratory instinct which, in many Americans, survived the pioneer age that solicited it, making a considerable portion of the population rootless, homeless, and

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morally irresponsible. Their destiny was a perpetual frustration, an incessant pursuit of those material goods wherewith they hoped to complete their pilgrimage to the celestial city. They seldom gained the goods, and never saw the city. The future, and such distant places as led to it, beckoned them irresistibly. And the closing of the frontier made them pitiable victims of their own romanticism. But in their very failure they exemplify one phase of the American tradition, just as their spiritual descendants, the unhappy vagrants whom economic crisis today condemns to hopeless wanderings, exemplify one aspect of the new life. Mr. Horgan commemorates them, in the first portion of his novel, in an idyll of a drummer and a farm girl. The drummer, resentful of the love that encumbers him with obligations, deserts his wife before the birth of their child, and disappears from the story.

The remainder of the novel is devoted to the woman, still loving, still believing in an improbable reconciliation, and gradually settling into an existence of unrelieved drudgery in a town where she sinks no roots. She transfers her dreams to her child, and sustains herself with the hope of an eventual return to her early home. Mr. Horgan's second theme makes its appearance when, frustrated in this hope, she discovers a talent for evangelism, and the talent generates its own gospel. Plunged anew into the old migratory existence, she symbolizes a new phase of the pioneer spirit. The frontier is closed; the continent has been subdued to the needs of the race; no material tasks now solicit the pioneer. But, Mr. Horgan suggests, if the world of physical environment rejects him, he can turn with confidence to that inward world of the spirit which Americans have found little occasion to explore. He can turn to the realms of art, religion, and

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the intellectual life. In these regions of experience the old dream can begin again.

The use of regional material to express a nationally applicable theme has already been noticed. Two instances of this use illustrate, for widely separated sections of the country, an identical piety. Mr. Sophus Keith Winther's "Take All to Nebraska" and Mr. Leland Hall's "They Seldom Speak" are novels of rural life. They recover a vanished or rapidly vanishing way of living, and express the simple but valid ideals which it bred and which, in even the most isolated communities, attached the circumstances of existence to a vital and informing tradition. Mr. Winther's novel deals with a family of Danish immigrants who, having failed at farming in Massachusetts, are lured westward by the fabulous promise of success. The old illusion and the old deception are repeated. They settle down to a long, arduous struggle with hostile nature; as tenant farmers they become the victims of an economic system; they suffer privation and defeat with indomitable fortitude; they achieve prosperity only to have it canceled by disaster. Always, inarticulate in the minds of the elders, is a dream of returning to Denmark. But when circumstance, in the form of catastrophe, makes this possible, they are incapable of seizing their opportunity. Their children have become Americans; they themselves have been absorbed into a new world of the spirit; the old endeavor must begin again. Mr. Leland Hall, relating the chronicle of a group of native New Englanders, interprets a comparable experience in very much the same terms. Both books deal with the effort to realize a dream. Both suggest the inevitable disintegration of a way of life to establish which many costly sacrifices were made without complaint. There is pathos in the ruin of the humblest shrine; its desertion

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reminds us that worshipers once sought it with love.

A second outstanding tendency in our recent fiction is exhibited by what critics have come to describe as the proletarian novel. The designation is unfortunate because of its connotations. These imply a more rigorous restriction of subject than has actually been practised by the writers affected. In its usual application, the term refers merely to that rapidly increasing group of novels which, dealing specifically with the effects of economic and social injustice, derive their inspiration from an exacerbated conscience. So applied, the term embraces two sharply distinguished types of novel. One displays a picture of conditions without indicating a remedy, but addresses itself to the reader's humanitarian sympathies. The other employs its picture of conditions as evidence in the argument for a particular remedy. Neither type of novel is new to fiction. And had not the second type of novel attached itself to Marxian philosophy, criticism would not have undertaken its present agitated and unprofitable discussion of the proletarian tendency.

What critics have generally ignored in their discussion is the obvious relation of the proletarian tendency to the old American spiritual tradition. That tradition was founded in the authority of conscience, and from the very first expressed a concern for absolute justice which, frequently enough, was translated into tyrannical action. Characteristic of the tradition, likewise, was an almost indiscriminate receptivity to ideas. Its development illustrates an unvarying capacity to assimilate and reconcile even the most contradictory doctrines. And its final issue in what today seems a paradox was probably the result of its resolute hospitality. Divorce from this vital tradition, and from its source of renewal in current ideas,

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accounts for the thinness of American fiction over a long period. Recalling this, we ought perhaps to welcome a contemporary tendency which reverts to conscience for its inspiration and, for its reflective content, grasps at those ideas which are most seriously engaging the minds of people today.

Within this tendency there occurs the most diverse kinds of writing. To it, for example, must be credited the remarkable trilogy of novels which Mr. James Farrell has written about the central character of Studs Lonigan, and which together form the most dispassionate study which our fiction has achieved of preventable social wastage in a large city. It includes, likewise, the work of Mr. Erskine Caldwell, whose powerful talent profits, in the present state of public taste, by his refusal to subject it to discipline. It includes that of Mr. Robert Cantwell, which tempers an outraged conscience with a degree of intellectual moderation all too rare among writers of the proletarian school. It includes the work of Miss Grace Lumpkin, in which a passion for justice and a despair of achieving it under the present economic system receive eloquent expression. Either implicitly or explicitly, the tone of argument pervades the work of these writers. Their subject is the disadvantaged and disinherited, the victims of a civilization which, for them, stands indicted by its callous indifference to human welfare. They are concerned with social effects which they attribute exclusively to the defective system under which our economic life is organized. This simplification of cause adds to the force of their argument but contributes to the weakness of their work as art. With the exception of Mr. Farrell, they seem deliberately to have rejected the criterion of art, perhaps from the conviction that art is at best a futile enterprise when the human spirit is so sorely

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afflicted and civilization is threatened with collapse. Several of them, and many other writers of their school, have turned from art to a social philosophy which promises, by means of an economic revolution, to inaugurate a world wherein the plain man will find security and justice. It is no business of the critic to find fault with this disposition. It is his affair only to take note of the fact for what it may be worth. What it suggests is not only a disillusion with old gospels, formulas, and ideals, but a survival of the old readiness to catch at any doctrine that images a new celestial city.

But there is no good reason why the proletarian novel should not rise to the level of art. It has done so in Mr. Farrell's trilogy. And Mr. John Steinbeck's "In Dubious Battle" attests its ability to achieve art without sacrifice of emotional power, or loss of cogency as argument. What lifts this novel into the realm of art is the classic virtue of magnanimity. As Mr. Steinbeck conceives it, the tragedy of economic injustice illustrates the tragic issue of conflict among eternally incompatible impulses in human nature. So conceiving it, his compassion embraces all parties to the struggle. His story relates the failure of a general strike by casual laborers in California orchards, in which, for the first time, they have found a common enterprise and a common destiny that overwhelms their individual interests. So skilfully is this story grounded in desires and impulses universally understood, that it becomes an allegory of man's incessant struggle to free himself from bondage. Into that struggle have gone heroism and sacrifice, and the waste of much that is most prized in human life. The spirit of man has met its incidental and tragic defeats. But the ideal itself is deathless and will always find new recruits. By implying these meanings, Mr. Steinbeck has made his novel significant

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for more than the immediate social situation, and for more than the present economic struggle. He has made it relevant to all liberal and civilized insights of which we are capable. Perhaps that is why its final effect upon the reader is both more persuasive and forcible than that of any argument, no matter how ably contrived. There are penalties reserved for writers who repudiate the obligations and the advantages of art.

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The Wealth of Childhood

JAMES HENRY

To return for a day to that happy world
Of childhood's dreams and fancies —
To that glorious land of Make Believe
Where Peter Pan and Old King Cole
Get tangled in a skein
Which even Mother and Father find
Difficulty in unraveling;
To pick mushrooms in the early dawn
From someone else's lawn,
To wonder why your feet leave tracks
On the dew-soaked sward,
Almost as deep as last winter
When the snow fell white and hard,
Just the kind that made
The biggest and best snowmen.
Wasn't there excitement
Wondering in the spring
If tomorrow would be warm enough
To leave off stockings,
And take to socks;
To watch for the snapdragons to snap,
And wander waist-high through the hollyhocks
Till gardener Jones caught you
And said he'd tell nurse,
Or worse, the master
If you did not stay to the paths

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And keep your feet from rose and aster.
And when the day is over,
And shadows start to creep,
Before you kneel and say your prayers,
Before you go to sleep,
To sit beneath the Steinway grand
While Mother sings a tune
About a lot of niggers
And a great big southern moon.
Then Mother tucks you into bed
And kisses you goodnight,
You close your eyes for a second it seems,
Then wake up in a fright —
You were dreaming a truly terrible dream,
You can't remember just what,
Of giants and goblins and fearful deeds,
Of dragons' jaws and fiery steeds,
It's so long ago you've forgot . . .

Of those fears and fancies
Of childhood's world
Only the memories remain —
Yet I still wake up
With a beating heart
As I live them over again.

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Catastrophe of the Trophies

FAIRFAX DOWNEY

BIG game has not been vanishing from the face of the earth half so rapidly as it has from the walls of sportsmen's homes. Heads of moose and tigers, brought down by unerring rifles, have been taken down by equally unswerving wives. Proudly mounted tarpon and salmon, landed in a titanic struggle, have, after terrific arguments with the lady of the house, slipped their hooks over the mantelpieces and got away. All mementos are endangered from formidable African bags and Floridan catches down to such modest tokens as a white-tailed deer or a three-pound bass.

Trophy trouble began with the trend to smaller houses and apartments, with most of the trophy and gunrooms of yesteryear going the way of the snows. Even in houses of a size to permit such rooms, architects devoted the space toward assuaging the feminine desire for more closets and bathrooms. Low ceilings spelled exile for numerous splendid antlers. Ample stairways yielded to elevator shafts. The very floors were ruled out of bounds after some oaf, who should have watched his step, stumbled over the raised head of a bear rug. After moving to a flat with a bowling-alley hallway, particular ladies declared they found it impossible to pass a protruding wildcat or warthog head hung there without rubbing noses.

If it wasn't lack of space, it was some other domestic difficulty. A polar-bear rug is harder to keep clean than children, mothers complain. A blaze in the fireplace warm enough for women wearing the customary two ounces of clothing will crack the hide of the caribou head

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over the mantel. That thrill you enjoyed in tracking a mountain goat is never duplicated for the housekeeper forced to stalk moths bound to issue from the hair of said goat, unless mothproofed.

Heavy, heavy hangs over our poor heads. Heavy, heavy falls. What shall the owner do to redeem them? What happens to trophies forbidden display at home?

Many are left (temporarily, it is alleged) at the studio of the taxidermist who mounted them. In one well-known studio, heads and antlers deck the walls. Closets are crammed with tanned hides — mountain sheep, lion, zebra, deer, seal, giraffe, elephant, rhinoceros, leopard. It is as if some Bluebeard had suddenly decided to stop collecting wives and turned his attention to the animal kingdom. In the main room stands a particularly royal Bengal tiger, shot by an Indian maharajah and sent to the U. S. A. for expert mounting. One wonders what the maharanee will say when the tiger is shipped back to the palace. His Highness is probably in for some civil disobedience.

Every natural history museum in the land has been supplying trophy sanctuary to the limit of capacity. The American Museum of Natural History, New York City, receives offers of trophies by the hundred. Ever and anon, the 'phone in the Department of Ichthyology will ring and it will be some sportsman's wife, who is moving to a small apartment, with a tender of a gift fish. If it is a fine specimen, it will not be looked in the mouth. Competition is heavy, however, and the museum sends out its own expeditions for desired specimens, which it mounts and often displays in reproductions of natural surroundings. In the Department of Mammals, not heads alone but the whole animal is required, making it an unlikely harbor for presented trophies, although it formerly

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accepted sizable collections of heads and horns. Numerous gifts are refused by the Department of Birds, down to and including deceased canaries, reported by the would-be givers to have been sweet singers and the pet of all the family.

The United States National Museum of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, is vastly crowded. It not only houses regular collections but it is the government repository for all natural history specimens after they have served the purpose of study in other government departments. Thus it is compelled to refuse many desirable trophies — excepting always such as are politically desirable for acceptance. Since 1932 it has been opportune for hunters (Dem.) to present mounted tigers, and a bad time for hunters (Rep.) to hope to slip in a stuffed elephant.

Probably the most prized repository of all is the National Collection of Heads and Horns of the New York Zoölogical Society, Bronx Zoölogical Park, New York City. But it, too, is full; and to win a place in it a head which is a world record, which is a rarity, or is otherwise unique, must be produced.

When museums refused to have a heart or a trophy, sportsmen turned to their clubs. Fauna filled the walls of lounges, taprooms, and grills. Then clubs reached the trophy saturation point and began refusing new ones and disposing of the old. The Princeton Club of New York City auctioned off many trophies, including the head of a mighty moose which rode in majestic state on the top of an automobile to an unmajestic resting-place in a New Jersey speakeasy. Remaining heads, condemned to the flames, could not negotiate the narrow stairs to the furnace-room until their horns were sawed off. Club chefs seized on the antlers to make handles for their knives.

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Sportsman's luck is better in the fraternal organizations named for animals, such as the Elks and the Moose. Then not a few hunters have successfully wished trophies upon sporting-goods stores. For one large New York store it has amounted to a deluge, and the management, long receptive, now is compelled to say no several times every week. The walls of seven of its open floors and of four separate rooms are festooned with trophies — close to one hundred and fifty of them — deer, jungle beasts, eagles, gnu, waterbuck, kudu, bongo, sheep, marlin, dolphin, barracuda, lynx, pheasant, and so forth. One large collection, the lender of which is now dead, has never been called for by his executors.

Mostly, however, you can't give trophies away. The true-blue sportsman prefers storage as a far more welcome alternative. But storage expense (cold storage especially) adds alarmingly to the original investment in trophies.

Half a trophy (or any fraction thereof) is better than none. Forced to compromise, trophy cherishers have found some comfort in the novelties developed by taxidermists and sporting-goods firms. Homes barred to whole hippos, rhinos, or elephants might admit useful articles made from the feet of those ponderous beasts — humidors, holders of liqueur sets, umbrella stands, waste-baskets. Thus baffled trophy collectors obtain a foothold. There can be no possible complaint of the light, strong, amber-like canes and riding crops manufactured from rhinoceros hide, or of letter openers made from the horn of that animal. Other accessories which may be counted upon to distract the mind of the sportsman from dull business cares are: brief-cases and telephone stands from the thick hide of the elephant, and pocketbooks from its more delicately textured ears; desk ornaments carved from tusks, and deskpads fashioned from

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antelope or monkey skins; moose feet converted into ink-wells, ashtrays, and thermometer holders. All these inspire dreams of the next hunting trip, as do the four-poster beds, the posts of which are elephant tusks. That last, however, is probably beyond the grasp of any but bachelors.

Zebra hides, Nature's gift to the modernistic, cover screens, cigar-cases, and cigarette boxes attractively. One African hunter is having a set of dining-room chairs upholstered in these striped hides, and another is using them on window-seat cushions. Golf bags of elephant hide may prove some solace to the sports follower demoted from jungle to links. Photographs are suitably framed or their albums bound in epidermis of the quarry pictured. Chandeliers of antlers and hatracks of deer-foot pegs are frowned upon nowadays by interior decorators, but wall lamps tipped with long, slender oryx horns, or standing lamps on antler tripods may get by, as may a lampshade which is the shell of an ostrich egg. Birds of gay plumage now are being mounted in a decorative instead of natural manner, and these may catch the feminine eye. There is another novelty, in the installation of which a sportsman may depend upon his children as allies — birds whose eyes light up electrically; owls, hawks, eagles, geese, and turkey are mounted on mechanisms which permit them to flap their wings, and move their heads and tails.

The artist-director of one taxidermy studio executes handsome bronze models from trophies of the chase and these serve as most acceptable keepsakes. Another novel scheme in trophy preservation goes back to the prehistoric custom of adorning one's womenfolk in the results of hunting success. Enthusiastic feminine coöperation in trophy display is enlisted by the hunter who returns with

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leopard skins to be made up into a coat, and with such furs as can be used for scarfs, chokers, mittens, caps, and muffs; or hides to be made up into luggage or shoes for the good wife.

Today the average sportsman knows that the odds are heavy against his bringing home anything mounted to the liking of the lady of the house, unless perhaps a handsome specimen of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. No wonder men of gun and rod have dethroned as patron of the chase Diana, who never even kept Actæon as a trophy, and have nominated in her stead Izaak Walton, the compleat angler, and Nimrod, the son of Kush, who was a mighty hunter before the Lord.

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The Happiest Years

KATHARINE ANTHONY

THE Concord houses along the Lexington Road were all of the same type as the Old Manse though of less imposing dimensions. Those along the Lexington Road were single-chimney houses. Someone had thought of building there against the sheltered hillside and others had followed the pioneer's example. A string of houses followed, snugly backed against the hill and looking out over the lush meadows to southward. From the front windows of these houses, one caught the last glimpse of the stage departing for Boston.

A graphic impression of this part of Concord is conveyed by the opening description in "Jo's Boys," where "a pretty brown cottage" is pictured as "nestling among the trees," while a little to the westward a "white-pillared mansion glittered in the sunshine." The white-pillared mansion was the Emerson house. The brown cottage was the home of the Alcotts.

Life in Concord in the middle of the nineteenth century was a combination of rusticity and intellectuality — plain living and high thinking. Farm people and refugees from the city formed the population. A simple social life pervaded the town. The river was a popular resort and everyone who could afford it kept a private boat. Boating parties in the summer and skating parties in the winter formed the principal social pleasures of the village. Evening parties, at which games with forfeits were played and the lancers danced, furnished a meeting-place for the simple and the great. The atmosphere of the place was distinctly creative; nor was this tone supplied entirely by the writers and artists who had settled there. The in-

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ventor of the Concord grape was one of the truly representative spirits of the town and had his rightful place in the inspired community. Occasionally there are such little democracies of genius in the world and Concord in the middle of the nineteenth century was an outstanding example of the kind.

Probably this only happens in a town with a past. Concord was steeped in history. It had its revolutionary battle, its Old Manse, and its ancient names and fames. Descendants of the people who had created great traditions still lived on the spot. Concord was settled, seasoned, aged. It had an accumulated background of more than two hundred years. Its American soil was rich.

The house which the Alcotts moved into in 1845 was one of the row of brown houses on the Lexington road. They named it appropriately "Hillside." A large central chimney, a square front hall, and four large rooms — two above and two below — formed the main part of the dwelling. A wide kitchen fireplace opened in the rear into a long narrow lean-to chamber. "Before Mr. Alcott took it in hand," says Hawthorne who owned it afterwards, "from the style of its construction, it seems to have survived beyond its first century. He added a porch in front, and a central peak, and a piazza at each end, and painted it a rusty, olive hue, and invested the whole with a modest picturesqueness." Alcott did even more than this; he cut the barn in two and added it to each side of the house, he dug terraces out of the great hill, planted fruit trees, and laid out his usual fine garden. When he had completed his improvements, the place, says Hawthorne, was an attractive residence which people always noticed in passing.

In this brown house Louisa May Alcott lived from her thirteenth to her sixteenth year. She afterwards said that

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she spent here "the happiest years of her life." The house itself, as it was then, before Hawthorne or even Alcott had made any changes, was immortalized as the background of "Little Women," where it lives forever in the form in which the sixteen-year-old Louisa May Alcott knew it.

Louisa would never have called her happiest years, years that were not the happiest for the whole family. But "Hillside" seems to have meant good times for all of them. Alcott was happy in his reconciliation with Emerson; Abba was vastly proud of "her house"; and the four young girls were just at the age when most union prevailed among them. The eldest was not too old nor the youngest too young to join together in a common playgroup. The spirit of "Hillside" was the spirit of "Little Women," though the ages of the sisters were moved upward in the story. Louisa recalled that spirit in after years as the golden age of the Alcotts.

Louisa and Anna, thirteen and fourteen, went to the district school. It was a very susceptible age to be launched in a public school. But Bronson Alcott, true to his preference for teaching young children, had lost interest in their education about this time. There were social consequences of importance to his daughters. They met other girls of their own age. These were at first a little shy of them on account of their father's reputation and their own reputation as well, but they gradually made friends with them. At least the girls made friends with Anna. They also saw for the first time a real live young man school-teacher. They had previously met in the schoolroom only their somewhat elderly father and the equally elderly Charles Lane. The young schoolmaster, John Hosmer, was moreover tarred with the same brush which had stroked Alcott and Lane; he had been a

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resident at Brook Farm if not at Fruitlands. John Hosmer and the odd Alcott girls had this unconventional background in common. It helped to make a social contact between them. This again was more useful to gentle Anna than it was to fierce Louisa.

There was still no softening or blossoming in Louisa; she remained a hoyden. She could vault a fence like a boy and did it frequently in spite of her longer skirts. Her mother called her "wild," and Louisa obediently then called herself "wild." She might do something to atone for being wild, but not to be wild would be to fly in the face of the omniscient. She took one of her younger schoolmates sleigh-riding by the simple expedient of untying a strange horse from its hitching-post, climbing into the sleigh, and driving off. The terrified little girl, hypnotized by such daring, climbed into the sleigh with her, and lived to tell the tale long afterwards. Another thing that "wild Louisa" did was to dress like a boy on all possible occasions. These were usually limited to plays and charades in the barn and at parties; but, tired of these limitations, she was once known to disguise herself as a male and stand in the road outside her gate, talking to one of her sisters. People who passed by in the twilight were properly fooled as she intended them to be. Her little extravagances were passed over by the townspeople, however, for it was obvious to all that Louisa was good-natured. To see her trundling her two small sisters in a wheelbarrow around the garden was enough to show how genuinely innocent and spontaneous her high spirits were.

The family was her world. Pa and Ma, Annie, Lizzie, and Abbie were her universe. She was jealously possessive of them, collectively and individually. It annoyed her when her sister Annie seemed to fall in with the ways of

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the Concord group and become one of the crowd. Once when they were at a party, a boy kissed Annie in a game of forfeits. Louisa flew into a rage at his impertinence. She continued long afterwards to abuse him whenever his name was mentioned, never once seeming in the least to suspect any coöperation on the part of Annie. Boldness of this kind was entirely out of the range of her imagination; she could only conceive of Annie's part as timidity. The boy who had kissed Annie was a raider. Louisa, rising in her strength, came to the defense of her sister, straining her young thews and sinews for the task that was always to absorb most of her life — the defense of one Alcott or another against the onslaughts of the world.

Ten-year-old Lizzie was a real little girl who had not yet been canonized by her all-too-human sister. Lizzie, more than Annie or Louisa, made friends with the neighbors. She was a socialized child, as one sees by her journal. "Ellen and Edith Emerson came to see us. I went home with them. When I got back I walked with Abbie by Mr. Bull's to Mrs. Richardson's and drew her baby in the little wagon." A gentle spirit was Lizzie, but withal a flesh-and-blood presence who ran in and out of the houses of the neighbors.

Abbie, the youngest child, still called by her mother "the baby," had all her lessons from her father. Abbie, the future artist, left a little vignette of the family on the Fourth of July, 1848, in a letter she wrote her mother. "O Mother, it is so beautiful this morning as I sit in the schoolroom by Father; such bright sunshine all about. . . . I spelt 30 words all right. . . . Father read me some pretty stories about roses, how the little boy was impatient to see the colors, and so picked the bud open, and the leaves withered. . . . Father has your miniature on his desk where he can see it as he opens his desk every

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morning. As you look stately . . . I wish you would come home soon. . . . We went to the fire-works last evening. They were before Col. Shattuck's house on the Common, and all the Concord people (to say 'folks' seems countrified) were there; some came in chaises and sat in them to see the fire-works go up. Father took us all to see them and we stood before the Court House by the wall to look. . . ." Abbie, at eight, already hated not being in a chaise like the others. "The boys cracked off powder crackers all about us. One almost hit my heel." The spoilt note of mother's "baby" in Abbie comes out.

Aside from Louisa's testimony, we know that life at "Hillside" was tolerable for the Alcotts. They had a well-built and comfortable house and it was sufficiently and gracefully furnished. Alcott's garden and orchard were productive. The family were regularly treated to little donation parties as ministers' families are in some communities. Such gifts were habitual. Emerson dropped in at crucial times and left a twenty-dollar bill under a book or a candlestick when he went away. A cheerful Dr. Winship from Roxbury, a relative of Mrs. Alcott's, frequently arrived with clothes — clothes that had to be made over, it is true, but perfectly good for that purpose. Dr. Winship was a great favorite with the Alcott sisters, for he came, said Anna, "like Santa Claus," not like one who comes to the door shouting, "Now I will do good to the poor." Besides being the sisters' master of the wardrobe, he was Louisa's literary adviser. He carried pocketfuls of her manuscripts away with him, showed them about, and spread the rumor of her talent, thus building up her first literary reputation.

The one who derived the least from this Concord life was Abba Alcott. Her old friends were in Boston and she made no friends in the town. Whenever she wanted

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congenial society, she took the stage for Boston and immersed herself completely in old city associations. Coming back to her family after such interludes, she found the same difficult present always confronting her: a husband without employment and no prospect of getting any; four growing girls with their expanding needs; and a position of dependency and social isolation for herself in the village. With her intense nature, Abba could not long endure great pressure without trying to do something about it. After three years of Concord, she decided to defy fate. The others, including even her ally, Louisa, might have gone on indefinitely floating with the tide — and incidentally surviving — if Abba had not willed that life had to be different.

She was in this frame of mind when a friend from the city one day dropped in to see her. Lonely and burdened by troubles as she was, she felt too strongly the relief of seeing all at once a friendly countenance. The tears began to flow. "Abby Alcott, what does this mean?" asked her visitor. Abba poured out the tale of her woes. "Come to Boston and I will find you employment," said her friend in reply. Abba agreed to do so, and the step was taken that initiated a new cycle in the life of the family.

WHILE living at "Hillside" Louisa rounded off the last of her education. When she went away she was ready to become a wage-earner. In fact, she had already begun earning before the hegira.

The best training of this period she owed to Charles Lane. Though his work on her mathematics and music was wasted, he left a permanent imprint on her English style. He taught her to write Platonic dialogue with ease. Lane set her composition themes like the following: "A conversation between Themistocles, Aristides, and

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Pericles on the proposed appropriation of the funds of the Confederacy of Delos for the ornamentation of Athens." What Louisa could not do with cube root or the piano, she could do with her pen. As long as it was a matter of writing, tasks like the above which might have struck terror to the soul of a better student only spurred Louisa on to her best effort. She did them, as she modestly admitted in after life, very well. Substitute for the Greeks a conversation between Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy on the proposed celebration of Christmas without funds, and the far-reaching influence of Mr. Lane as a teacher echoes down the ages. Conversations — written, not spoken — became a part of Louisa's equipment for life. If Charles Lane had trained her to write description during that impressionable summer, what might ultimately have happened to Louisa's fame gives grounds for speculation.

But whoever it was that tried to teach her foreign languages made a worse job of it. "I nearly died of German," she said of that tongue. She left a complete proof of her suffering in the name of one of her most famous characters, Professor Bhaer — a name which, derived from no language, has established itself nevertheless as German. Happily received by thousands, nay millions, of readers, Professor Bhaer's name, one feels, could not possibly have been spelled in any other way.

Louisa was never a student; she was too undisciplined to be a student. As an artist, she need not have regretted it, but she did anyway and was always a little envious of those she called "learned ladies." But she was almost an insensate reader, chiefly of novels. She read Dickens with the greatest enthralment, each story as it came out. The whole family read Dickens; he came to fill the place with the family once occupied by "Pilgrim's Progress." As the

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girls had dramatized and acted the latter, they took on the novels of Dickens to dramatize and act in the same way. Louisa and her sisters turned themselves into Dickens characters and actually adopted their names. Louisa learned to write Dickensese so naturally she could not stop writing it when she wanted to.

Night and day Louisa dreamed her dreams. Most of them were about fame. On seeing a portrait of Jenny Lind in the paper, she wrote in her journal, "She must be a happy girl. I should like to be as famous as she is." Then she added, as a wondering afterthought, "Anna is very happy," for Anna was not famous. As for herself, Louisa hoped that she would one day be as famous as Jenny Lind and when that day came she had no doubt that she, too, would be happy. It was one of the daydreams in which, without let or hindrance from anyone, she ceaselessly indulged herself.

At fifteen, Louisa wrote. She was at fifteen an author. Allowing for the fact that most of what she wrote consisted of trite poems and sentimental fiction which almost any bright girl of her age might have turned out, her attitude towards writing was that of a worker. She wrote her poems and stories regularly and it never occurred to her not to write them. The end of this preoccupation of hers was that she sometimes turned out something good.

She achieved then the easy touch, the professional accent, the surety and flow that ultimately mark the conscious author. A comparison of one of Louisa's poems with one of her mother's shows the difference between her work and the work of an amateur. Mrs. Alcott gave Louisa a pen on her fourteenth birthday and composed a poem to go with it. Poems were usually composed in the Alcott family for birthdays and anniversaries. Mrs. Alcott's poem for this occasion ran:

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Oh, may this pen your muse inspire,
When wrapt in pure poetic fire,
To write some sweet, some thrilling verse;
A song of love or sorrow's lay,
Or duty's clear but tedious way
In brighter hope rehearse.
Oh, let your strain be soft and high,
Of crosses here, of crowns beyond the sky;
Truth guide your pen, inspire your theme
And from each note joy's music stream.

Soon afterwards Louisa wrote the verses that she eventually published unchanged in "Under the Lilacs," entitled "My Kingdom." Her poem ran:

A little kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell,
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well.
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my words and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should —
Honest and brave — nor ever tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day?

Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear!
Teach me to lean on thee, and feel
That thou art very near;
That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
Since thou, with patience infinite,
Doth soothe and comfort all.

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I do not ask for any crown,
But that which all may win;
Nor seek to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in *myself*,
And dare to take command.

By their lilt and simplicity, the verses show that the family impulse toward literary creativeness was working out in Louisa at last. The distributed talents of the group became sharpened and focused and unified by the devotion of the one.

Louisa's sister Anna was writing fiction almost as busily and almost as well as Louisa was in those days. They both modeled their stories on those they read in the popular weekly papers — journals which represented not a high ideal, perhaps, but an actual market for that which they hoped to write. They imitated their models successfully. Anna once read aloud to her family a story of her own composing, while pretending to read it from a Boston paper; and the family never suspected the hoax. Louisa went a step further; a story that she wrote at sixteen, after lying around for a few years, was finally sold to one of the weekly journals. Both girls could write melodramatic fiction with extreme fluency and prolificness.

Their greatest skill was shown in their plays, on which they collaborated. No one knew, scarcely they themselves, where Louisa left off in these plays and Anna began, or the reverse. They wrote, produced, and acted their dramas without the aid of anyone else. As Anna afterwards testified, they "usually acted the whole play, each assuming five or six characters, and with rapid change of dress becoming in one scene a witch, a soldier, a beauteous lady, and a haughty noble." They often introduced

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"into one short scene, a bandit, two cavaliers, a witch, and a fairy spirit — all enacted by two people." Sometimes the exigencies of production required them both to take the same part in different scenes of the play. But usually the author-actor-producers were able to avoid this awkwardness. "Long speeches were introduced to allow a ruffian to become a priest." They planned and executed elaborate stage effects, with thunder, lightning, towers, costumes, and music. No requirement of plot, character or scenery seemed to daunt them. Tragedy and comedy were equally undertaken. Louisa played well and Anna, Louisa said, played better, but there was no jealousy between them. Their performance was one of great promise, and the training imparted was of a highly disciplinary character.

Some of their best plays and productions belong to the "Hillside" period. The play described in "Little Women" appears to be a combination of "The Captive of Castile" and "The Witch's Curse," two of their favorites which were written at that time. The episode of the cot-bed's collapsing dates them, for it was at "Hillside," according to Fred Willis (the summer boarder) that the cot-bed collapsed and the tower fell. The rest of the whole magnificent series — "The Greek Slave," "Bianca," "The Unloved Wife; or, Woman's Faith," "The Bandit's Bride" — must also have been written then, when Anna and Louisa were respectively a little over and a little under sixteen. Commenting on their state of mind from the superior ground of maturity, one of them, Anna, afterwards said, "The children accomplished a play full of revenge, jealousy, murder, sorcery, of all of which indeed they knew nothing but the name. . . . These 'Comic Tragedies' . . . are most characteristic of the young girls whose lives were singularly free from the experiences

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of many maidens of their age. Of the world they knew nothing; lovers were ideal beings, clothed with all the beauty of their innocent imaginations. Love was a blissful dream; constancy, truth, courage, and virtue quite everyday affairs of life. . . ."

It was in this life of her imagination, romantic and absurd as it was, that Louisa found her reality. Anna might let her fancy stray from phantom lovers to mundane boys once in a while, even to the point of allowing a rough lad to kiss her; but Louisa's fancy clung fast to the noble images of her own creating, and her emotions were directed toward her own phantasies and dreams. She was most herself when she was giving them form and direction by writing or acting.

Certain overwrought phantasies fastened upon Louisa in the summer of 1848 which make one think it was best for her to be dragged off to Boston in the fall and put to work. The emotional girl was in a ferment of dreams without practical outlet or objective relief in her life.

Her life-purpose, as she envisaged it — "to give her mother the comfort and ease which she had never known in her married life" — eliminated marriage. Unconsciously she had been moving in that direction for a long time. At the age of ten she had written in her journal: "Father asked us what was God's noblest work. Anna said *men*, but I said *babies*. Men are often bad; babies never are." Now her unconscious motive was becoming conscious; she felt that men were objects to be avoided and that marriage was a trap in which noble women like her mother were caught and held. She was ready to become a knight-errant and rescue the fallen princess at all costs. And not at all costs either, for she wanted fame to accompany her great sacrifice; but all else she was ready to pay and to suffer for her supreme purpose in life.

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Denying herself love, Louisa had to turn to worship. This she did rather easily by adoring her father's nearest friend, Emerson. "I wrote letters to him," she says, "but never sent them; sat in a tall cherry-tree at midnight, singing to the moon till the owls scared me to bed; left wildflowers on the doorstep of my 'Master.'" Her behavior, modeled on some obscure idea of herself as Mignon, did not last long, for it did not satisfy her. Louisa had a very hearty desire for an audience; she did not enjoy composing tributes which no one ever saw, or making presents which no one ever acknowledged. She soon transferred her devotion to Emerson's daughter Ellen, to whom she gave not anonymous gifts of wildflowers but tributes of a less private nature in a series of "Flower Fables" she wrote for her. The fables were circulated, admired and finally published. Their sentimental tenuousness was a great contrast to the vigorous romanticism of the "Comic Tragedies." But the "Flower Fables" were better suited to the taste of her sentimental time. Her soul-suffering about Emerson ended in a little published book that gave her the beginnings of a literary reputation. A kind and encouraging lady in Boston paid for its publication and it had a delicate vogue. Its chief claim to distinction was that it carried to a discreet but growing literary public the name of Louisa May Alcott. It was the acorn from which the oak through wind and storm was to grow.

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Actress

LE BARON COOKE

Is it not a miracle:
This aged woman,
In appearance dull
And hollow-eyed,
And wilted as a dying flower,
Summoning, at a curtain's rise,
Such regal beauty, pride,
And power?

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A Journey of Hope

PAUL HORGAN

THOUGH she wouldn't have been able to tell about it, Bess Warren was the victim of the way imagination and destiny were all mixed up with one another by the radio. Like millions of her ancestors, she was respectful of unseen powers; they moved her life, she was sure; and when such a power had a human voice, and could talk, and was a living man, though invisible, then respect gave way to a kind of passion, some love that dwelt in the background of thought, and grew and grew until its image was a genuinely beautiful thing to live with and secretly consult and add to every day. Bess listened to him every evening.

At nine-fifteen the radio shivered to the crash of a cymbal, followed by a remote piping from a mysterious flute. These sounds transformed the U-Eat Café where Bess worked, and she remembered childhood Bible classes, and camels and turbans, and also sideshows with hootchy-kootchy dancers, the materials of romance confused but fine. When the flute and cymbal died snakily away, a voice came on, and said in gloomy refinement that Pharos would once again speak to his people and bring to the solution of their problems all the magic of the East and the wisdom of the scientific world of today.

"Just write a letter, with name and address in full, to Pharos, care of your local station, enclosing twenty-five cents in stamps, for which you will receive a free reading of your destiny, by Pharos himself, and in addition, by return mail, a signed copy of the famous book, 'How to Read Your Fate,' by Pharos. Twenty-five cents in stamps, and full name and address."

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And then after a little pause, full of suspense and dignity, Pharos himself rode into the radio on the sound of his voice. Thousands of people, and Bess, recognized that voice every evening.

She thought it was the most beautiful voice she ever knew. It was a low voice, yet with a great range of expression, rising mildly to the pitch of hope, or affectionately warning when disaster threatened. He spoke rapidly, every now and then pausing to say, "Er . . ." which Bess thought very refined. It was so human.

"Good evening, friends. This is Pharos helping with your lives again. Tonight I have a very interesting batch of mail, folks, er, very interesting, I know we will all learn and gain from it. The first letter er, the first letter is one from Mr. Arden P. Glasswell, P. O. Box 664, Pecos, Texas. There is no use giving Pharos false names, Mr. Glasswell, I know that is an assumed name, still I will answer your inkwry, for I can see that you are very much er — upset."

Bess would listen absently, wondering what was to become of Mr. Glasswell, who should of known better than send Pharos a fake name like that. The even voice would go on with a regular pulse, like a bleeding, putting heavy influence like destiny into the air of the world, where all those people were listening for only a whisper of guidance, or a call of hope. There where people's desires pressed secretly upon fate, there lay their greatest reality. . . .

She thought without being able to project it, that Pharos must look like an angel in a natty suit, with slicked-back hair and all in the color of a photograph, a movie, and as large as the men looked on the theatre screen. She had tried to find a picture of him in the radio magazines; but never did, for he gave interviews saying

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that power such as his was only a temporary possession, and he must guard it and respect it, and serve it well, and serve all his many radio friends well with it, and that he counted but for nil in this great work. . . .

"Dream lover" was a familiar title in the movies. One of the theatres even had a Dream Lover contest. People said dream lover just as habitually as they did boy friend. So Bess designated Pharos.

And she could look upon Alec, flesh and blood that came to eat in her café, and think of him with the fore part of her mind, and talk to him, and let their concerns mingle idly, in the resistant little strifes of the real world.

The place was empty, except for Bess and Alec, and the life which the music from the radio set loose.

"I'n't know whether to go back or not," declared Bess, leaning on her side of the counter and looking closely at Alec's face. He had finished his supper and was just sitting there, to talk to her, as he did so many evenings this summer, while he was lonely and not ready to go home to bed soon, and alone.

He didn't answer her, but just shrugged his shoulders a little, and leaned on his side of the counter, looking down at the floor, lost in a kind of thoughtless day-dream. It gave her a good chance to study his face and try to explain to herself why she liked him so much. She couldn't see a thing to him. He didn't seem interested in her troubles. He seemed to give no damn for anything but his wife, who was visiting her folks in California. But he didn't like to hang around alone. The trouble was, he just came in and sat.

Bess Warren looked him over carefully and decided that he resembled a little kid who resembled a monkey: with that same small, wise, wistful face and nervous movements, and that curious suggestion of animal inde-

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pendence which seemed such a great strength. He wasn't big, and he certainly wasn't good looking, she thought; sometimes he said things that were awfully dumb; he wouldn't pay any attention to her, and she knew she oughtn't to think twice about him, and she was nearly in love with him. He didn't know it. She supposed he never would know it.

Thinking of it now, a prickling pride arose in her; and she straightened up, furious with herself for having spent all that time from four to five getting herself dolled up because she knew he'd be in for supper at eight, after he got through work. She was a sap to waste any time on him. Then she reflected with satisfaction that calmed her again how pretty she was and that to fix yourself up was never a waste of time, even if Alec was without eyes for her. She turned and went to the kitchen with his cup to get him some more coffee. On the way, she passed the calendar that had a small mirror pasted on its embossed cardboard front, and she saw that since five o'clock, she had lost none of her charm.

She was fairly tall, but very delicately made. Her face was pointed at the chin, yet not sharply. She had a small mouth, rouged with luscious scrolls of dark red, and her nose was thin and straight, rising to her arched brows where she had penciled dashing slender eyebrows. Her eyes were hazel, and very cold, even when she laughed and talked. Around their corners were the only mockeries of the likeness she had to a girl of twenty. She was actually thirty-two, and those little channels of wrinkle by the corners of her eyes, minutely flaked with fine powder and rouge, showed at close range that the life of a hasher in various eating houses and restaurants had left some mark upon her. Her hair was black and lustrous. She was very pretty; and she was clever at fixing her own

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clothes. The result was that she had all the outward appearances of a woman, a girl of taste. That she was still a waitress in the U-Eat Café troubled her, made her think of herself as a failure in life, yet she had no ideas for changing her estate except the customary romantic ones about fascinating some man who would win her by buying her a house and a car, a fur coat, some floor lamps, and a wedding ring.

In the meantime, she had a pretty good time. She never lacked dates. She was too good looking to be left alone much. And when she was feeling good, she had content.

She came back to the lunch counter and set Alec's cup down for him. He thanked her, still staring at nothing, and looking tired, and fed, and at ease, sitting on his high stool at the counter.

He surprised her by saying, "Go back where? Where do you have to go back to?"

"Oh, you wouldn't really like to know, wouldja, mister?"

He turned and looked at her, smiling.

"Well," she said, "back to Colorado. I keep getting these letters from my family. They want me to come back."

"Why don't you want to go?"

"Oh, I dunno. Oh, I guess it's because I'm getting along all right down here. . . ."

She looked at him boldly, with her lips hotly pouting. He wrinkled his forehead like a little ape and shifted around on the lunch counter stool. He missed her signals, or if he saw them, he didn't care.

"I don't see why you want to stay here, hashing in a place like this," he said.

She leaned back and her temper started up.

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"What's wrong with a place like this," she demanded, "what do you think a girl has got to do, just go and ask somebody for a living?"

The idea, she thought; wanting to slap him because she hated his being contemptuous of what she did, and because she loved him in silence; who is he to sit there and take cracks at me like that. She knew he was no great shakes himself. He was a skilled laborer, that was true; a plasterer, and he made good money, and he always had a job, for him and his wife and two small children. He was about twenty-eight, she thought. He had the muscular shape of a swimmer, thick shoulders and rising chest and small waist and thin legs. He couldn't get his mind off his wife out in California visiting her folks. He had explained often to Bess that when his wife was away he always went out to eat, because at home he hated to sit down alone. It was just such notions as that that had first made Bess Warren want to talk to him. Now, three weeks after, more or less, she was jealous of the wife she'd never seen or jeopardized.

Alec looked around at the hard room. "Well, I suppose there's nothing wrong with the place itself," he said, finally, "On'y you ought to be having a better time than this."

"You're telling me," she said.

"What do they want you to come home for, to Colorado?"

"Oh, well, mama's been sick, and Agnes, that's my sister, she thinks I ought to be living at home and helping with the bills, and all that business. Agnes don't like me at all, and she hates me being away from home, and on my own, like this; she's wanted all her life to get away, and she never has. Then my brother-in-law, LeRoy Benson, he's living there too; he went right on living there after

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my other sister died, that is, the one he married. She died two years ago, and Mama hasn't been strong since then, I heard all about it at the time. So LeRoy just stayed and went right on living there at home, but started paying rent. He sure behaved keen about the whole thing. Mama used to run a boarding-house but then she took sick and had to give it up, gradually."

The radio jazz got hot in the corner. Leaning on the counter with her elbows and forearms, Bess began absent-mindedly to dance little steps sideways and back and forth, living with the rhythm of the music and paying no attention to it consciously.

Outside, the summer evening was falling darker and darker. The cars that went by now had their lights on. The ceiling of the café was low, and in the middle of it a brass fitting supported two light bulbs, unshaded and burning brightly. As the daylight faded, Bess's face became more beautiful and artificial, the white powder showing as a texture under the electric light now, and the vain purse of her rouged lips more pointed and sharp.

"Well, that sure is a shame," said Alec. He lighted a cigarette and stirred his second cup of coffee.

"A lot you care," said Bess, "whether I stay or go."

She instantly regretted saying it. He looked up at her sharply.

"So what?" he said, neither challenging her nor surprised.

"Oh, what's the use," she said. "It's just that I can't make up my mind."

Now he understood her.

"Well, I'm *sorry* sister, but if you got anything on your mind about *me*, why, that's out, see: I don't go playing around. That's all. I get nuts being alone sometimes, but that don't mean —"

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"I'm sure I'm very sorry," she said, "if I've managed to give you a wrong impression. All I was asking you was what you'd do if you was me. I don't see what I said that got you off on this track. It's just a matter of making up my mind whether to go back or not."

But her face was burning orange in a blush under her make-up and he saw it. It disturbed him, and he knew she was lying about her feelings. He wished he had enough whatever it took to date her and take her out on a party. But if the absence of his wife was hard to bear in that way, it also made him more virtuous in another, and he couldn't imagine betraying her with another girl, a waitress, even a pretty one like this one, though at the moment he would have liked nothing better.

They were both several moments in finding their inner calm again. She saw that he was stirred by the feelings she had been trying to make him see for weeks. She also saw that he was resentful of them. The radio saved them.

The program changed. An announcer said it was nine-fourteen and a half, and in a few seconds a brass cymbal broke its sound like a wave washing up a sandy shore into the U-Eat Café.

Pharos began his program.

In a moment, Alec said, "Well, why don't you ask *him?*"

She looked at him to see if he meant it. The same idea had been in her head. But he was perfectly serious, and she felt relieved, and said, "I think I will. I was thinking of that — I'm not doing any good here."

There was a pause in their words while their feelings turned inward and showed them each what to think of.

"And I never know just how far to go with my sister,

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Agnes," she resumed. Her voice was weary and edged with some want beyond words.

"Go on, write him a letter," said Alec.

She straightened up, and gave him a look that resented the way he kept at the point. On the shelves behind her, among the narrow wooden boxes containing gray spoons, she found a bottle of ink and a pad of ruled writing paper, a yellow penholder with a dusty pen and some stained envelopes that had been there, she knew, as long as she had worked there. Every day when she arranged the shelves, the same articles were dusted and replaced, as if their purpose was serious.

She felt scorned and unwanted; but refused to let Alec see any such feeling. While he watched her, smoking, she began to write the letter to Pharos. She wrote without difficulty, for she had gone through school as far as third year high school. When she was done with the letter, she read it through, stood up again, and folded it.

"I haven't been home for seven years. I suppose I ought to go anyhow."

"Well, that'll tell you one way or the other," declared Alec, pointing his two fingers that held his cigarette at the radio.

He slid off his stool, and stretched his arms, ending his gasp with a yawn. With the tears of the yawn in his eyes, he looked her over again, and knowing what he knew about her now, he grinned at her and shook his head a little and winked. She saw how he was regarding her, but knew what his choice was, and that it was made for some reason that was right and unbearable.

"Let me know what the answer is. Maybe I'll be here when he gives it over the radio. What time does that program come on?"

They both glanced at the clock.

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"It starts at nine-fifteen," she said, and gathering his dishes, she went into the kitchen where she stayed until she was sure he had gone out.

SHE was glad that by nine-fifteen the suppertime rush was over in the U-Eat Café. Alec was almost the only one ever left by that time. He would come in late and then stay on, sitting there, talking to her idly; with his talk, now, more and more treading close to the thing in her heart, so that she would wince when he began, and try to turn him off on something else. But he seemed fascinated at the feeling she had so blurtingly confessed for him; and though he kept reminding her that all that was out — he was all for his old lady — still he couldn't resist testing the survival of her love, and watching her little proofs of it, that were always so resentful now, for the capricious use he made of them. He was simply flattered and made bland; and he seemed to himself a bigger man than before, and she said to herself with fury that he went around these days like a rooster, arching his breast and cocking his eye. Their sparring in words was hardboiled in its terms; which didn't change or obscure what lay below them.

He told her one evening that if he weren't married: why then. . . .

"Save your breath, big boy," she replied.

He grinned and looked around in a mockery of discretion to see if anybody else were there, rubbing his face on his upper sleeve as he did so. He felt very complacent at this kind of game. The café was empty. The light was like the summer night outside . . . close and intimate and soft.

When Pharos answered her message, she was just coming from the kitchen with a cup of coffee for Alec.

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She hastened to the counter and set down the cup and saucer and then went and leaned down to the radio. Alec watched her with grinning eyes, his lids drooped, and his mouth curled in speculation about her. He thought she was very funny to pay so close attention to all that.

"This next letter from a young lady named B. W., she has a question to ask, it is a very great problem to her, she asks shall she go home to Colorado to live with her mother. Shall she go back home and live with the old folks once again? Does her mother really need her, she asks. They keep writing and they keep writing, for her to come. Now I shall make answer, I see it all so clearly. She shall give up what she is doing now, and she shall go back home, there is very great need of her presence, er — at her home. She shall be a great help to her mother who is an invalid, I see illness, I see death unless she shall go back home and do what she can for them there."

Bess felt the childish feelings of grief in her breast and throat as she slowly stood up, and images came back, reminding her of what home had meant. She turned around slowly and came back to the counter, and leaned on it, with her chin on her palm and her fingertips against her lips. Alec cleared his throat to make some crack, but he saw that she didn't see him, and stayed quiet.

Pharos's voice went on, it rang in her ears, and she thought she would never forget it.

She saw the picture in her mind of the combination red brick and gray board house where she had grown up. She remembered vine-shaded hours on the narrow porch. She remembered the hallways downstairs and up, narrow brown wooden channels with doors opening into small square rooms. The doors had white china knobs.

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Her father had been a foreman at a lumber millyard on the edge of town. He had died from an infection resulting from an accident at the mill. What she remembered most about that, was her older sister Myrtle running upstair screaming when they brought him home from the company hospital for the funeral.

Then the house became a boarding-house.

All the work only made Mama fatter and hotter.

Agnes and she had to help in the kitchen. Myrtle had a job downtown in an office.

With delicacy in her thoughts of these relighted images, Bess stopped short of the memories that sent her away from home; one of the boys in high school; and his refusal to run away with her when they were found out.

She had gone to Denver; and after a few years was able to go home for a visit of two or three days, dressed in style and full of metropolitan ways that enraged her sister Agnes. Myrtle had been different. Myrtle was generous.

That was seven years ago.

She imagined all the changes she would find now. She was going home. She told Alec she would take the bus on Saturday night. It was a thirty-six hour trip.

On Saturday night she left the U-Eat Café for the last time.

Her going didn't strike her as strange, any more. She had simply accepted Pharos's decision.

She said goodbye to Alec at the Café. She had a half smile on her face, and they shook hands. At the last minute, he squeezed her arm and after looking around the U-Eat, he began urging her in whispers to stay over. She told him he wasn't helping matters any, and pulled her hand away and said goodbye again, and went into the kitchen, asking herself why she felt so much like cry-

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ing lately. She stayed there until she heard the screen door slam up front, and then she came out, and put things in order. The boss had agreed to let her off early to go home to her room and pack up the last few things.

The bus left at midnight.

When it was time, she appeared at the bus station, which was the only lighted building in the whole block. Great slabs of sidewalk and street were whitened and yellowed by the alien light of that midnight concern.

The bus was standing out back under a corrugated tin shed with wooden walls. The engine was running. The doors were open all down the side. It was a long, fat-tired bus painted blue and yellow. The windows had stiff, pulled-back cloth curtains at each side, to look elegant. Four doors opened on each side. The seats stretched clear across the width of the bus. There was no center aisle down the car. She got in the seat behind the driver's, and took her two suitcases and her extra things in a cardboard suitbox in beside her. It was too hot for her coat, and this she laid across the back of the seat. She hoped nobody would get in with her, because then she could stretch out and sleep.

There were two men in the rear seat, and nobody else. The bus was facing a graveled yard. The engine, running, shook the body with a rhythmic little sequence that shook Bess along with it. She thought of nothing and stared out at the night, where streaks of light shot across the ground at angles. She was tired and felt a little ill.

When the driver came along to bang the doors shut, she admitted to herself that her feelings were the worse because she had thought Alec might just by chance show up to see her off. But nobody came; and when the driver took his seat, and yelled goodbye to the station agent, and let the big engine take the gears, and the bus

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began to move out, she felt suddenly forlorn and in despair at leaving this town; it seemed to her the only place in her life where she had ever been happy; forgetting everything else from her past but these months of working here at the U-Eat Café.

They roared through the empty streets of the sleeping town, and as she saw them go by, she gave up to her tears, and lay down on the long seat that stretched across the body of the car, and with her head filled with the rush and roar of their travel, and her body shaken and sickened by their speed over the rising and falling pattern of the road, she finally fell asleep, while the men in the back wondered who the girl was alone up there, and where she thought she was going, and what she was like, and then forgot her.

The trip took her over long slowly lifting plains, where the shadows of clouds sailed over the land and mottled it like great herds of cattle that might flow across the hot earth's contour, here making a dark hillside and there a line of blue below the horizon. Then the country changed, and the bus rose into foothills where the olive-green junipers and scrub oaks dappled the red ground, and then the pines began to show among rocks that were pale with sunlight. Mountains appeared, glassy and distant, crowned with the giant delicacies of cloud lingerings.

They paused at little towns where the bus always drew up to the leading restaurant. They took on gas at other places, remote and windy and graveled corners on outlying streets of the board villages they went through. The long heavy body of the car sprung away from bumps in the road. It was hot; a hot Sunday in early July, and the whole countryside seemed to Bess to look like Sunday, so peaceful, so empty, so remote from human activity, so heavenly and Godly with that endless

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blue sky and those vast Christian clouds on the white horizon.

She was glad when darkness fell and they went tearing on through the night, seeming to pursue with a terrific cleverness the beams of their own lights, two yellow funnels that revealed all there was of the world.

She fell asleep Sunday night thinking that the letter she had written home would have reached them yesterday afternoon. They would be ready for her. Perhaps she should have simply shown up there, she thought. Then there would be a chance for retreat.

This feeling was still on her when she awoke Monday morning. The land was greener. She began to know the little pangs of recognition that visit the returning traveler, little likenesses in the way trees stood, and barns arose, and fences wandered, and towns were laid out, likenesses to early childhood's experiences.

And at a little before noon, the bus hove across a hill and there at the end of a slowly dropping flight of tarred blue road, lay her town.

They came roaring down upon it and at the city limits slowed down and entered like a conquering engine, and drew up at the curb outside the Monarch Café, a place she remembered the name of, but not the looks. It was all changed and done over since she'd been home. She climbed out of the bus and the driver handed her bags out after her. She looked around. There was no one there to meet her. But she opened her purse and took out a quarter, remembering the taxi fare to any point in town, and signaled to the taxi that had come to meet the bus for just this purpose.

The driver came over and got her bags. She followed him. In a few moments she was riding through her town on the way to her mother's house. She couldn't help

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looking out the window of the dried-up looking sedan at the changes on every hand. They rode out of the business district and passed the several corners where the rich and the powerful had had their houses years ago . . . houses that looked to her no longer magnificent and immense; but simply old-fashioned, with their red brick or their pink sandstone, their iron balconies, wooden lacework on cupolas, and narrow little painted pillars.

The thought suddenly struck her to wonder if she had changed as much as this place.

Then they turned a corner and went down an unpaved dusty street at the end of which she could see, blocks away, the white sky and the let of the road into the open country. There near that place where the town ended, and the lumber-yard spur-line of track went curving across the road, was her house.

She leaned to look for it.

She saw it soon enough. It at least had not changed.

And on the porch, in a white dress, shown by the light that bounded back in reflection from the porch floor, sat her mother. No one else could be that large, or that patient. But she too was different, Bess saw, as the car came to a stop. The driver opened the door, took her quarter, handed her the two bags, and got in and drove away. Bess left the bags on the graveled walk and went right up to the porch.

"Mama!" she called as she went. Then she looked.

"Hello Bessie, what made you so late," said her mother in a voice that had no tone but only the effortful whistle of breath in it. Here was a changed creature. She was now just as fat as ever; but her great body had been wracked and mangled by rheumatism into the most witch-like fixture. Her old back bent at the spine, and her shoulders came forward and her arms were bent forever

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in stout angles. Her head was bent down and she kept looking up. In her face, with its vestiges of pain, her eyes were still liquid and bright with interest and fretful intelligence. She put out her right hand and Bess took it and they kissed each other without the sensation of a kiss, but only anxious self-questionings as to what the other was now, and what she thought, and would do, and might demand.

"I waited and waited here, Bess. Agnes couldn't meet the bus, she has a job, and I ain't left the house for four years. Just to go around back now and then, and I have to use this cane. Help me up and get your bags. I'm real glad to see you, honey . . . I thought you were never coming home, I figured to die before you'd see me again."

"Oh, *Mama!*" said Bess with a kind of laugh. She went to get her luggage. She was horribly shocked at the old woman's crippled body.

In a moment they went into the house, and from the foot of the steps in the narrow dark hall, Mrs. Warren blew and whistled directions to Bess, upstairs, what room to take and how to put her things. Then she went off, bent forward and rocking along in a fearfully measured walk and pitching weight against her cane at every step, to the kitchen where she had lunch ready on the table for Bess.

Bess came down presently. Her fatigue hung on her like a heavy blanket.

She said to herself that she was a fool to come home. There was nothing she could do here to help them out. She would only be miserable herself. They wanted her here just to join their own misery. She smiled brightly at her mother and sat down to eat.

Her mother looked at her closely, peering and breathing with a breathy little grunt, and then said, in tones of

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rebuke, "You're looking mighty pretty."

Bess smiled with mock gaiety.

"Thank you."

"— I'd hate to know what you been doing all these years, Bessie."

This had such eager bitterness in it that Bess could only ignore it.

"Well, you're home now; and Agnes has to find something for you to do. Wait till LeRoy sees you."

"What do you mean."

"You'll have to get rid of some of that paint and the like. He sure has made Agnes toe the mark. I expect they'll be married now or then. You won't know Agnes. She's quite a swell now. She goes to a bridge club. She belongs to a business woman's club. She does real well."

If her words were those of satisfaction, Mrs. Warren's voice would never betray the fact. It was a hollow sound of forced breath, a huge whisper, a paralytic effect of her poisonous rheumatism on her throat.

Bess kept thinking that this couldn't be her mother. Yet subtracting the terrible changes, the rest of her was there.

"I can't do for myself much any more," said the old woman. She was trying to rise from her chair. When she finally stood, after strivings that cost her huge old body many pains, she looked like a shelled bug, a beetle, as she began to crawl forward to the door.

Bess followed her and helped her to sit down in a nest of quilts and cushions in the parlor morris chair, which had assumed an enclosing shape to fit the tortured back. There she declared she would take her afternoon's rest. Bess went upstairs to her room and fell across her bed. Her thoughts clouded in and made her drowsy. She fell asleep. When she awoke, she felt the wetness of tears

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under her cheek, and she sat up. The light in the room was changed. It was late afternoon.

While she was dressing, she heard steps coming up the stairs, and then her door opened, and her sister Agnes came in.

"Hello Bessie, my dear," she said and embraced Bess. Then she stood back and made her appraisal. Agnes wore gold-rimmed glasses behind which her eyes were still pretty, pale blue with brunette lashes. Her cheekbones were high and threw a smiling sort of shadow down on her cheeks. Her mouth was thin. When she wasn't carefully smiling or speaking, it drooped and drew two long furrows from her nose to her chin. Her clothes were simple and modish. She made Bess feel, to look at her, that this sister would always be more like a customer to her now than a blood relative.

They couldn't hide what they felt from each other. Agnes was still jealous of the long independence Bess had had. Now that Bess was home at last, her work was clearly cut out for her: to take care of their mother and the house.

Bess understood this though nothing had been said.

She envied Agnes her superior qualities of propriety. Her job was evidently a responsible one. She was moving in town society. She was going to get married, probably.

While they talked of idle things, questions and answers designed to share their intervening years, the two women were making secret and dramatic stands for their individual points of vantage over each other.

At last they went down to get supper. There was LeRoy Benson, sitting in the hall on the lowest step of the stairs, reading the evening paper. He was in his shirtsleeves. He heard them coming. But until he was spoken to by Agnes he gave no sign. Then he turned and dropped

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the paper and took Bess's hand and shook it heartily, squinting his eyes at her face.

"My, my, another of the beautiful Warren girls!"

Then he winked at Agnes, to indicate what he thought of Bess's chalk white powder, her peony rouge, and her thick lipsalve, and the shiny hard waves she had managed to restore to her black hair.

"I'm pleased to meet you," said Bess, and followed Agnes to the kitchen.

Her last hope was gone. She could tell in a minute what sort of a man Benson was. It heavied her heart to discover that he was past middle age, that he had the false merriment and the nervous eye of so many cruel men she had known; and that his air of occupancy in this house carried with it an authority even more hopelessly over her than that of her mother and sister.

Sometimes things had happened to Bess Warren with the curious effect of being foreseen by her; as if when they finally occurred she had always known they would; and remembering that prescience, she sometimes felt that what she was undergoing was taking place for the second time.

Her first week at home was like that.

The nagging that very soon came out in the open; the little ways in which it was made clear that here in town she must never refer to her past; the fact that if she had once been a hasher, she was now Agnes Warren's sister, and that stood for something; the tradition that Mama was a miracle to be living at all, a wonder of survival, that she would be much better off dead, and that anybody who ever put that into words would at once be quoted to Mama, in tones of horror; and worst of all, the half-foreseen and only too easily recognized ideas and thrusts that were animating LeRoy these evenings, when he

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would sit talking to the sisters, and looking at Bess.

Agnes was no fool, Bess remembered.

She saw it all too.

Perhaps she even heard.

Agnes's bedroom was downstairs, next to her mother's, and LeRoy had the big double room at the front of the house on the second floor. At the other end of the hall, looking down on the backyard where the grass grew tall and thin, was Bess's room.

Down that hall after midnight he had already come twice. She didn't dare lock her door or refuse him entry, for fear the noises would creak down the stairwell.

Once behind her closed door, in the bland light of her ceiling bulb that hung by its green cord, she had to look and listen to him while he said he had just remembered something to tell her and he wanted to tell her right now because by morning he'd have forgotten. Then his lips would maunder with some senseless drivel of opinion or anecdote.

He visited her like this with the tone of privilege.

She found that out when on his second creeping to her through the darkness he found her also in the dark. She threw him off but he fell against her.

She went to the wall and turned on the light.

His sparse hair was messed. His eyes were puffy looking and his pale fleshy face had swollen lines to it and his mouth was drawn aside showing his darkened teeth.

She remembered that he had impressed her mother as a prig who hated women to make their faces up. She rubbed her mouth with her fingers. She told him to get out.

Then he relaxed.

He became genial and gentle.

He assured her that she was right; he was wrong; he

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would be perfectly charming from now on. She turned and opened the door and went downstairs in the dark.

Her head was full of pity for the memories she had of her favorite sister Myrtle. This had been her husband!

He paused upstairs a moment at the banister, and then hurried in an oldening man's skip down the hall to his room, where he would be in case Bess roused Agnes, and made accusations.

But Bess went to the kitchen and drank some water and sat at the table in the dark, looking out the window to the rich and scented darkness over the summer mesa.

What is to become of me, she thought. Then she impatiently threw off such an attitude, and feeling stronger than all the cripples in this house put together, she went back upstairs and locked her door and went to bed, to sleep on her resolve.

In the morning she asked Agnes what kind of a job they could get for her. Agnes laughed bleakly and lifted and dropped her glasses at their place on her nose, and said there was to be no job.

"You're supposed to take care of Mama. I can't do both, God knows. LeRoy does his part and more than his share."

It was left at that for a while.

But the old woman actually enjoyed her infinitely slow progress around the first floor of the house. Bess trying to wait on her and help would be refused and sulked at; and out of the sulking would come a long and bitter chronicle of the years Bess had been away from home, scoldings and recriminations, all full of fanciful ideas that only an old and dying woman could think of, conceptions of evil and sly malice that had an innocent and fearful appositeness to the very sort of life Bess had struggled independently with. It was at last too much.

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One night just before going to bed, she turned on the light, and with her other hand, not looking, swung the door to behind her. Then she saw LeRoy in the mirror. He had been hiding there, and he locked her to him as they stood, both their faces staring in the mirror. She swung her arms and knocked off the things on the bureau. She cried out and kicked and raged. But though they heard the steps coming, he was still there when Agnes threw open the door and found them.

So for an hour the house was draughty with the winds of fury and jealousy and despair. Throughout the quarrel that blew on and on in the upstairs hall, came the piteous and hungry cry from Mrs. Warren marooned down at the foot of the stairs, crying in her huge whisper "What did she do; what did she do?" while Agnes wept and raged at LeRoy and Bess alternately, and was comforted by him and told bitter truths by her.

At last Bess said,

"I'm going down tomorrow and get a job hashing. I'm clearing out of this house."

She went to her room and slammed the door and locked it. Then she started to pack. She packed in half an hour, and fully dressed, she sat down on her bed to watch for the dawn.

But Agnes was waiting when she opened her door carefully at five o'clock.

"You can't do that, Bess. It's not fair to any of us. LeRoy won't — again. It's taken me twelve years to get my position where I've got it, and the girls in the club, and all." She started to whimper and then cry, fearing to lose the precious and inadequate substitutes she had for the rich materials of womanly life. "They'd all know about it. Oh, Bess!"

This weakness and its motive sickened Bess, and she

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went down the stairs with her own eyes glazed and wavered by tears of emotion and fatigue. At her mother's door, she hesitated a second; but she could hear the windy breathing of the old woman in sleep; and opening the front door, she went out and started walking to town with her suitbox, her two suitcases, and her life.

IT WAS brightening quickly, and before she had gone far the sun lifted through the trees in the street. Some early cars were moving downtown. For the first time since her return, she was aware of this as her town.

When she hit the business district, she walked a little slower, and looked into windows as she went. Her walking was difficult, and she was exhausted after the night of unresolved strife at home; but when she approached the Monarch Café, she smartened her stride, and walked a little taller. Her face was thin but she smiled and it was pretty, with her make-up carefully applied. She wore a little hat over one eye and a blue suit with a white ruffle at the breast.

A boy was hosing the sidewalk in front of the Monarch as she came there; he stepped aside for her and smiled at her thoughtlessly and frankly. She smiled back and went into the restaurant.

They were evidently just opening up for the morning. The early sunlight made a golden fire against the great plate-glass windows of the café, behind which pyramids of oranges and grapefruits stood like mounds of little suns. The doors to the kitchen were still open, because it was so early and no customers present. Some man was singing while making a rhythmic noise of work somewhere back there. Bess set her baggage down and looked around at the walls tiled waist high, and the gleaming black and chromium eating-counter, and the great steam vats for

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coffee shining black and white with light, and the oaken framed refrigerator with glass sides where fruit and perishables were kept. She had never had a job in a café as new and gleaming as this one. When the man came out of the kitchen and let the swinging door slam soundlessly to and fro behind him, her legs began to tremble, but she went toward him with her hands clasped in front of her with her purse and asked him if he needed a hasher.

He was a youngish fellow in a white shirt, and he was drying his hands and arms with a large towel while he stood and listened to her. He looked her over very carefully, and when she was finished, he said he didn't know.

"We're trying to keep our overhead down. I don't know. We just had this place done over, and it took a lot of money."

"I've worked in cafés in Amarillo, and Denver," she said. "El Paso, Sweetwater; once I worked in a Harvey House for six months, till they closed out the meal time trains on that branch line. I'd sure like to work here. It sure is a pretty place. You've sure fixed it up nice."

She looked around to avoid seeing the expression of refusal on his face.

"What are you doing out so early?" he asked, with a quality of interest instead of curiosity.

"Well, my folks . . . I decided suddenly to get a job, and thought if I got here around opening time, I'd stand a better chance."

"Have you had breakfast?"

"No."

"O.K. You can have breakfast and give me a chance to think it over. My name is Spud Mallory. You just order what you like, the other girl'll be here in a few minutes. What's your name?"

"Bess Warren," she said, deciding against giving a false

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name that might have spared Agnes some embarrassment.

"O.K. — I'll be back in a little while. Now mind, don't expect a job right off. I'll have to think it over."

He nodded to her and she sat down at one of the swivel chairs with the red leather and chromium back to its seat. Mallory went out the café at the front, rolling down his shirtsleeves. She watched him. She saw him glance at himself in the brightly shined windows of his restaurant, and duck his head a little, and smooth down his hair as if before a mirror. He thought comfortably well of himself. She liked his looks. He had a healthy looking face with black hair and a big mouth. In a moment he was out of sight beyond the windows, walking up the street to the corner. He had now to make the decision that he had been courting ever since the beginning of summer. The tourist traffic was getting heavier, he thought. Some days they were rushed at the Monarch, with only him, and Flora, the other girl, and Albert, the boy who helped. He could afford to take another girl on if the trade kept up, at least till fall. He liked the looks of the girl who came in this morning.

Bess was still eating when he got back. She was talking to Flora, the red-headed hasher who had been with him four years now. Flora had a face like one of the dolls in a Punch and Judy show, that kind of nose and mouth, and small eye and permanent smile between her great beak and her up-pointed chin. She was wearing the lemon-yellow and brown uniform he had got for her. When she saw Spud coming back, she went across to the opposite side of the horseshoe-shaped counter and began to fold fresh napkins.

Bess was afraid to look up.

But Spud came back of the counter through the lift-

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door beside the cash register up front, and stood in front of her. She saw his blue serge trousers, and that was all.

"Well," he said finally, "what have you been getting."

Without looking up, she kept her fingers on her coffee cup, and said,

"Fifteen a week and tips."

"I'll give you twelve-fifty to start. If the trade keeps up, I'll raise you to fifteen. I'll get you a uniform like Flora's. I see you girls got together all right."

Now Bess looked up.

"All right, that'll be fine; can I start today?"

He said yes, she could. Then he smiled at her in a very friendly way, and she wondered if she'd have any trouble with him, and then she thought it wouldn't matter much, he wasn't so bad. And thoughts of Alec recurred to her, and she felt free again to think of him, now that she was alone again; and she could even think about going back there one day, except that she'd be a cock-eyed fool to think that would do her any good.

Spud went back to the kitchen and Flora turned around across the way and without words, interrogated Bess like a red-crested bird, with an eye cocked for caution, saying silently, "Well, did he? Didja?"

And Bess replied the same way, with a vigorous nod, "Yes, I got the job."

Flora closed her eyes and flapped her chin in a violently expressive satisfaction. It would be much pleasanter for her to have another girl to work with her, and with this tourist rush on, it would be easier on all of them, too.

When she was done with breakfast, Bess took her dishes to the kitchen, and there met the cook, a tremendous negro with a white cap and pink rayon underwear shirt showing above his vast bellied apron. Spud was talking to him, and he motioned her to wait.

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The kitchen was dark and had little windows high up in the walls. But it was scrubbed, and the sink boards and the baking table, all showed the velvety nap of scrubbed unpainted wood, a pale sand color that felt soft when you touched it. The stove was a long iron-hooded box on which great kettles were already boiling.

Presently Spud left the cook and came and gave her instructions. She was to help right away serving the breakfast customers that began to come in. It was now about six-thirty. After that, mid-morning, she could go with Flora to buy her uniform. Flora would show her how to get along. She could arrange with Flora about who was to stay from two until four. There was not much point having them both there then. It was the slackest time every day. She listened to these plans with some eagerness. She even reflected that to get back to what you were used to was all that mattered in being happy.

She may have looked tired, as Flora told her she did, but she felt happier than she had for weeks.

She knew Spud was watching her that first day, from his place at the cash register. She was pretty and she was on to the routine. He saw how customers acted pleased about something they couldn't have specified when she served them. It was just that she had an agreeable way of coming into touch with them.

At noon there was a heavy rush. Several cars drew up, and from the back of the café, they could all see through the wide windows that they were tourist cars, with licenses from Indiana. Presently the tourist party came in, the women in khaki riding pants, black stockings, shirtwaists and caps or eyeshades; the men in white linen golf knickers and sweaters. The town rush was on, too, and Flora and Bess were helped at the serving by Spud. The Monarch was running like a machine, with everybody

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knowing just what to do at the right time and place. The thick glasses of ice-water were never more than half empty. The squares of iced butter piled up and overlapped on the plate edges. The customers looked around, and in their various ways, declared to each other that this certainly was an attractive place to strike in the middle of a long hot day's motoring.

After lunch, Spud said he was going to be gone till five.

When he disappeared, Flora said she had a headache, and if it was all right with Bess, she was going home at two and be back at four. Bess could go the next day, and so on, after that.

"All right," said Bess. She was almost trembling from tiredness; but this was her first day; she could make a friend or enemy of Flora right now. She saw that Flora was vain and selfish, but also, like a child, liable to be affectionately grateful for favors. Flora went out saying, "Goodbye, dear: see you after my nap:" and Bess was left in the hot mid-afternoon and sleepy hours of the Monarch's day.

She saw that the counters were all clean and ordered. Then she folded a dozen more napkins and had them ready. Then she looked into the coffee urn and found plenty on hand. Then she went and sat down to rest a moment behind the big oak and glass refrigerator. Her feet were smarting and she felt aches in her shoulders and neck. But she considered herself lucky to have a job in such an agreeable place; to have got it so easily; and to know that regardless of what forces tried from the outside to affect her life, she was still able to cherish her independence and make the best of whatever came along.

After all, he had told her to come.

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The only difference now was that though she still had her dream lover, she didn't have a boy friend.

She shuddered recalling LeRoy.

How tired she was she only began to realize when she almost fell asleep, sitting right there at the counter, with her eyes open, but the bright cloudy images of dreams moving behind them. Her heart settled a little with content and peace at the beautiful likeness of Pharos there.

It must have been some time after three when she heard a car squeal slowly to a stop in front of the Monarch. She looked awake with a jerk, and caught a glimpse of some tourist-looking people getting slowly out and stretching. Then they turned and looked over the front of the Monarch. She stood up, and as she heard them enter the restaurant, she went back to the kitchen to ask the cook if they had any or all of the items on the special luncheon still available. He told her there was only the Spanish omelette still available; and she went back to the serving table by the coffee urn to pick up the menu cards.

The tourists had come in and were sitting at the counter up front.

She heard one of them speak, and then be answered.

The answer was in a voice that she swore to herself she could never forget. She waited and listened a second before turning to look; not that the look would prove anything. But the voice spoke again, and she said to herself, "That *is* Pharos, what in the world, how could he be here, what does he look like!"

She was overcome by diffidence and panic. She fumbled at the cards and napkins longer than necessary; but her heart was beating fast, and she didn't want to turn to see him, she was shy and scared before the man who had had so much to do with changing her whole life, and she

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felt that right now, she had no secrets from him, who sat there speaking in that fateful voice of his about the mileage they had made since leaving Kansas.

But at last she turned and walked up the aisle toward them, and set down the three glasses of ice-water and the three napkins.

Then she looked at them, handing them the menu cards.

In the middle was a stout woman about thirty-six, with blonde hair like yellow hard candy. Her face was made of a series of low mounds of flesh, highly rouged. She was wearing a yellow linen coat. She seemed to be holding a pose of excessive refinement and to be irritated by something.

On each side of her sat a fairly small man. One of these had a heavy looking head, with black hair that grew far back from his brow and was brushed flat. His face was a cream-white, and his pale blue eyes had thick furry black lashes. His eyelids were sleepy looking and swollen. His jaws were powder-blue from shaving his heavy beard. His upper lip stuck out over his lower one. He had a thin beaked nose, which he was now rubbing with one of his plump short fingers. He wore no coat; only a white silk shirt with the collar open. His shoulders and stomach sagged forward and heavy from fat. He looked tired and either like an old man miraculously young, or a man of thirty degenerated in body long before his time.

The other man was a younger and more positive person, with black kinky hair and a look of discontent. He scowled and pulled at one ear and his thick oiled-looking eyes glared from his menu to Bess and back several times.

Outside, beyond the window, was their car.

It was a bright yellow Packard sedan with black lettering on the rear door. It read:

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PHAROS
Prophet of the Air
RADIO
STATION
WBBZ

"All right, Minnie, what'll it be?" demanded the younger man.

No, Bess thought, that wasn't the voice.

The woman threw down her menu, and smoothed her eyelids with her fingers that had scarlet varnished nails.

"I can't eat a thing, you wouldn't stop, and you wouldn't stop, and now I'm not hungry any more.— Make it some dry toast and an order of mayonnaise and some tea. — And make it snappy."

"Yes ma'am," said Bess.

"How about it, Doc?" said the same man, leaning and slapping the other man behind Minnie's back to get his mind made up.

"I'll have the Spanish omelette," was the reply, in that voice. It was Pharos himself. His voice was just the same, furred along the edges, it seemed, and now in life, full of a special inquiring kind of elegance missing on the radio. "What'll you have, Frank?"

"Bring me a hamburger and coffee," said Frank, and sat back, and looked around the room with unseeing disapproval.

There was no one else in the café.

They got their food and ate it, talking loudly.

Bess served them dumbly, gazing whenever she could at Pharos, who sat with a dumped sort of look on his swivel chair, eating his food like a starving muskrat, biting, and looking up, his lips engaging the flavor of the food with eagerness, his hands like soft paws meeting at his mouth, his shoulders sloping down to his sag-flowing

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body. Bess saw that he had two diamond rings on, one on each little finger. He made little extra flourishes with his hands when he moved them in eating or talking.

She caught his eyes looking at her several times. It was not ever a look of interest or all-seeing; it was rather a look of wondering whether she knew who he was. Once or twice he bridled with a vaudeville actor's kind of charm when she set something down before him.

She could hear what they were talking about.

They were talking about going to California.

They were on their way to Hollywood.

Pharos was to appear in a moving picture.

The big yellow Packard stood outside advertising the journey.

Bess would serve them as they needed her and then go back and stand waiting.

She felt cheated.

She watched them eating, and their attitudes with each other were those of long association, boredom and unceasing quarrel. They looked hot.

Pharos had to cover his mouth with his napkin several times because his food wasn't exactly agreeing with him. He would look sad and surprised, and then attack his food again, his narrow little mouth feeling for the food on his fork with enthusiasm and unwisdom.

The big blonde woman finished long before the two men, and she leaned back and lighted a cigarette.

"If you two don't quit this wrangling, I'll go nuts," she declared. "I've heard nothing *but* since we left home. I'd of taken the train if I'd known."

"Listen, you're lucky to be along, and you know it," said Frank.

"Don't chou pay any attenchun to him, Minn," said Pharos. "I can't travel without my secatary."

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He raised his voice a trifle on the last sentence so Bess could hear it. He watched her for the scrap of interest he might expect her to show at this.

"Well, you certny can't travel without me," said Frank. "What if we let you drive; where'd you be then?"

Pharos waved to Bess. She came down the aisle.

"Have you any banana cream pie?" he asked.

As she answered, both the others began objecting.

"Now, Doc, remember what it did to you in Dodge City; if I have to sit up all night tonight in some hotel just to keep your indigestion com'pny; honest, listen, lay off will you?"

But Pharos didn't heed them, and allowed Bess to bring him the pie.

With disgust they watched him eat it, shrugging off any responsibility for what might follow.

Bess stood there up the aisle, watching too.

If life could hold anything stranger than this for her, she couldn't imagine what it was.

Was this the man who had put her where she was today?

Yes, she felt cheated.

She was ashamed that she had ever listened to him. She wondered at first why he looked at her so curiously, and she had some start like guilt in her that he was reading her through and through, even perhaps destroying her destiny and substituting something else for it. But her better sense told her as a woman that he was looking at her with the kind of vanity she had seen in other men, much of the same type; a vanity that demanded as its due the knowledge of what other people thought about him. She kept her face grave and avoided his easily turning stare.

"All right," said Frank, at last, "as soon as we get to

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Hollywood and I arrange the percentage cuts the way they go, as your manager, I'm through. I'll see to your contrac'. And that'll let me out. I'll go back to WBBZ and run the studio while you *make* your sappy pitcha. — I ben against it from the first."

"Oh, shut up, Frank," said the blonde Minnie, leaning her head on her hands. "Cantcha see I got a headache? — Don't carry on like this with that girl standing there!"

Pharos finished his pie, and gestured for the check with his fingers tapered and closed, like the hands of the women who danced the hootchy-kootchy in sideshows.

Bess brought the check.

Frank reached over and grabbed it, and spotted it with exactly the right change, not including any tip.

Bess watched them impassively.

They started to the door. Then Pharos turned and came back.

"I forgot to get a cigar."

He moved to the cigar counter and picked out one and she brought out the box.

He smiled at her and she said to herself that it gave her the creeps.

He stood there. Outside, Minnie had climbed into the yellow car, and Frank made a lavish despairing gesture about Pharos.

"Do you ever listen to the radio?" asked Pharos.

Bess blushed and her powdery make-up deepened as the blood veiled to her cheeks.

She nodded.

"You listen to WBBZ," he said. "At nine-fifteen every night, your time, you can hear my programs. — Here is my name."

He took a pencil from beside the cash register and picked up a menu card and turned it over.

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With the flourish of one who bestows what only he can bestow, Pharos autographed the menu and put the date.

Then, having done what he had waited for her to ask him to do, he smiled at her with his strange ageless face and stroking his stomach with memories of feeding, he went out to the car and climbed into the back seat and slammed the door.

He leaned down out of sight for a second, and then came up, holding a purple bundle that he put on his head and nodded at Bess, through the windows as if to say, "You see?" It was his turban.

She saw Frank, the driver, talk angrily to Pharos for the delay.

Then the big yellow car backed into the street, and flapping with wind in the exhaust pipe, went off on the highway.

Before it was gone, she had torn the autographed menu into little bits.

Even though she was alone, she was embarrassed by the dry searing shame that blushed so red on her cheeks. It was like being discovered in some dishonesty or evil to have the secret joy of life destroyed so cruelly. After the shame, came bewilderment, and if she was wrong to come here and put so much faith in Pharos, her dream lover, what could she do now? What could she believe in?

When Flora came back after four, Bess said she had to go out for a few minutes; so urgently and drily that Flora stared at her and questioned silently with her huge mouth. But Bess was gone.

At the bus station they gave her the information she needed. The southbound bus came through at eleven-ten, and took on passengers.

To go back! to undo! was her instinct.

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So when she left that night, Mr. Mallory and Flora said to each other that she certainly was a queer one; and Bess thought so, too, herself; not knowing if Alec would ever look at her again; or whether she could get her job back; or whether you should ever try to start over in a place you never done no good in; but when the bus left, she was inside, peering ahead through the dark with the light of the front lamps. As the engine gained speed, to conquer distance, its mechanical want, her own hope of the future came alive in her, and she sat leaning forward in the rushing bus.

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Book Reviews

THE LAST PURITAN. By George Santayana. Scribner's, $2.75.
OBITER SCRIPTA. By George Santayana. Scribner's, $2.50.

THE success of this beautiful novel gives a satisfying pleasure to the admirers of George Santayana's work, a group of devotees steadily growing in number during the last twenty-five years. That so thoughtful and fastidious a writer should suddenly reach what seems a nation-wide audience encourages one to believe that the art of good writing is coming into its own, and substance and fineness of thought are appreciated.

For some time those of us who have the privilege of knowing Mr. Santayana only through his books have guessed that he would sooner or later write a novel. In his finest philosophical writing there was always the accent of living speech, a tendency toward the dramatic. His recent experiments in dialogue confirmed our impression that he would eventually attempt more than the socratic form, and portray characters for their own sake. This is what he has done in this long and leisured story reserving, of course, the rights of his temperament to philosophize, indulging in long soliloquies when he chooses, departing from the strict mold of the novel when it suits him to wander, but at other times matching himself with the most vigorous and economical story-tellers in living portraits and unforgettable scenes.

It is no discrediting of the book to suspect that many of its readers were attracted by the title. Any novelist of experience would recognize the almost malicious adroitness which named the story "The Last Puritan." Some of us would be sorry if puritanism came to an end; others would be relieved; and still others would have an amiable curiosity to learn what it looked like as it departed, if indeed it has gone out. The title has caught us all.

It is also no discrediting of the book to say that there is little in it about puritanism. The story is of dislocated spirits who cannot recover a natural attitude to the world in which they were born, but it was not puritanism which dislocated

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them. In essence they are fine spirits, but with a better equipment to philosophize than to live. They try to convince themselves that the best way to live is to philosophize, but they are not convinced, and neither is the reader. They happen to be born in New England but they would have been dislocated spirits even though they had been born in Europe. They make their experiments in living on both sides of the Atlantic, but find themselves a little ghostly everywhere.

The picture of the Boston and the Cambridge which Mr. Santayana knew is remarkably vivid, with the biting truth of actual memories, and the characters he describes seem to be people he has known. It would be aside from the mark to complain that they are not typical. Which of our friends and acquaintances is remembered for being typical? Whatever is dramatic in our memory is likely to be exceptional. Those readers of the book who are distressed because they find here little to match their conception of yesterday's New England or today's, have forgotten what art is, and particularly what autobiography must be.

The universal note in the book, the truth that lifts it above the interest of merely personal recollections, is the problem which Mr. Santayana assigns to Oliver, his hero, and to Oliver's father, Peter, who throughout the story has an equal share in our interest. The father in his youth was fairly on the way to a full and happy life, but a tragic accident in college days crippled his soul. Engaged in an undergraduate prank, he was the cause of a man's death, and though no one doubted his innocence, he had to live with the memory. It took the heart out of him. For the rest of his days his keen and energetic mind could be active in study, in scientific research, in analysis of human beings beginning with himself, but the blood on his hands made him sensitive and cynical. How, with such a start, could he lead a good life?

He had an elder brother, Nathaniel, portrayed by Mr. Santayana with wicked delight, a conventional and stupid man of affairs, a pillar of society to whom the real humanities were a closed book. Nathaniel represents all that is vicious in the settled and the successful. He can make money and preserve the family fortune, even for his less worldly relatives. Thanks largely to him, Peter and Oliver are so well provided

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for that they can float through life in a sort of economic vacuum. The little matter of earning their living never interrupts their quest of a good life. Yet though they owe this soft privilege to Nathaniel, we like Nathaniel none the better, and should be glad to blame him and his influence for any insufficiencies in their career.

In fairness, however, we must observe that the novelist did not lay at Nathaniel's door the troubles of Peter and Oliver. Until that unlucky homicide, Peter was more than a match for his elder brother, and Oliver, we suspect, would have found the same difficulties in living well even though he had had a different kind of uncle.

In a weary cynical moment when his youth was gone Peter married an admirable efficient woman, a cold-blooded creature full of virtues but without a soul. If we conclude that she represents puritanism we are hasty. Like Nathaniel or Peter or Oliver, she occurs under all philosophies. She is an eternal liability of any long established world. Being without vision, she admires and reinforces the local code of etiquette rather than the moral universe, and she is sustained not by dreams nor by faith, but by self-respect.

Of both his parents Oliver is aware, and though he loves his father he can take neither father nor mother for a model. As he grows into manhood he embarks on his own quest for perfection, trying to do only what is right, what is true, what is beautiful. Because his standard is so high he finds it possible to do little. He is not a prig; inheriting his father's charm and his father's essential love of life, he becomes dear to all his friends. Moreover, he is not what some of us would call a puritan, unless all artists and philosophers are puritans. The desire for perfection is in him less a compulsion to obey a moral code than an urge to achieve beauty. We suspect as we finish the book that his problem is Mr. Santayana's, and it has not occurred to any of us to call Mr. Santayana a puritan.

The element of plot in the novel is not strong, and Mr. Santayana seems unwilling to make the ordinary usage of what plot he has. The killing of the janitor in the college chapel, for example, a potential scene of great importance, is not dramatized. A few lines sum up the incident for us. All the ordinary collisions of human conduct involving love or hate

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are omitted or merely glanced at. But when the author has a chance to show intelligence or stupidity in action, he gives us the scene in full.

We ought to qualify the phrase, "in action." It would be better to say "in conversation." When Uncle Nathaniel, for example, is perplexed about young Peter's education — in boyhood, before the janitor-killing — he calls in Dr. Hand, a witty and irreverent physician, who talks more sense than you'll meet in a decade of novels. The resulting scene of friendly counsel is of course pure conversation, and the doctor at one point makes quite a speech, a small essay on the bringing up of the natural male, but it is drama of the truest kind, exciting and revealing. You know that the doctor agrees with Nathaniel as little as Nathaniel agrees with him, yet each allows the other's place in the world, as gentlemen will.

Dr. Hand is perhaps the most attractive character in the book. Close to him comes Mark Lowe, who conducts the Wyoming Camp for Backward Lads, to which Peter is sent. Mr. Lowe has the habit of talking informally to his boys, a lay kind of preaching from which the quotations in the novel seem altogether too few.

> Just as a woman is quite as good as a man, if she doesn't try to be like him, so a backward lad is quite as good as a forward lad, or even better, if his backwardness convinces him that a man can be as near to God in the last and hindermost pew in church as in the first stall in the choir. Therefore don't be offended if this camp is called the backward lads' camp: it is a term of affection, and there is a sacred text which I rejoice to repeat in secret: "The last shall be first."

The third character we are sure to like is the English steward whom Peter in his later years employs on his yacht, and who teaches Oliver at least to observe some of the crude wisdom of men who have gone in for immediate experience. "Lord Jim," as Peter calls him, was like Peter himself well born, and like Peter dislocated, at least socially, by an unhappy incident, but Lord Jim has blood in his veins and becomes a philosopher while taking part in the human struggle instead of maintaining an ivory tower, or a sea-going yacht. Oliver recognizes the validity of Lord Jim's kind of wisdom, though the emulation of it is beyond him.

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These characters are notable in the story because they are men of action and they are beautifully portrayed. The least philosophical of novelists would be proud to have produced them. They give balance to the anæmic careers of Oliver and his father, and prove, if we needed proof, that Mr. Santayana observes the complete world.

To speak of this book and not mention its admirable style would be unforgivable. One must at least say that here Mr. Santayana writes as he has always written, with a brilliance born not of rhetoric but of a faithful matching of speech to the perceptions of an exquisite mind. The style is as good as it has always been; heaven knows how it could be better.

"Obiter Scripta" is a welcome assemblage of various papers published by Mr. Santayana during the last thirty years. There is no formal unity in the collection, but each of the items is a favorite of some Santayana enthusiast, and we have wanted them all in accessible publication. Several of the chapters are slight, but none the less important. Now that the novel is in our hands, we are glad to read again the little dramas entitled "Overheard in Seville," which disclose the philosopher on the way to becoming a direct portrayer of life.

The present reviewer prizes most in this volume the essay on Hamlet, long hidden away in a limited edition, and the address on Herbert Spencer entitled "The Unknowable." One would hardly expect new light on Shakespeare's much studied play, and Mr. Santayana offers no discoveries of the historical or textual kind dear to professors of literature, but he gives us a lesson in inspired reading. His careful comments on the characters or the scenes draw their illumination from life rather than from books, and they do the play the great but unusual compliment of treating it like a living thing, noticing the manner of the persons as they enter or leave the stage, measuring their silences and reticences as well as their words and actions, guessing at their motives, as though they were our universal contemporaries in an adjoining room, and we gazing at them through the window. Few critical writings in our time illustrate a more natural or a more admirable approach to a work of art.

The address on Spencer may or may not be acceptable to the professional philosopher; the present reviewer, not being a

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professional philosopher, doesn't much care. It is enough for him to rejoice in these astounding pages of felicitous wit. Some passages cling to the memory like happy music.

> Of course this epic movement, as Spencer describes it, is but a human perspective; he instinctively imposes his grandiloquent rhythms on things as he does his ponderous Latin vocabulary, or as Empedocles or Lucretius imposed their hexameters; but that is the case with every human system; it is and can be nothing but human discourse. Science and philosophy cast a net of words into the sea of being, happy in the end if they draw anything out besides the net itself, with some holes in it. The meshes of Spencer's net were not subtle; a thousand amiable human things slipped through them like water, and compared with the studied entanglements of more critical systems, his seem scandalously coarse and wide: yet they caught the big fish.

JOHN ERSKINE

I WRITE AS I PLEASE. By Walter Duranty. Simon and Schuster, $3.50.

THE WAY OF A TRANSGRESSOR. By Negley Farson. Harcourt Brace, $3.00.

FARSON traveled and observed. Duranty traveled and penetrated. The one was always successfully escaping from dullness or defeat. The other doesn't seem to have realized the existence of either.

Farson has written a tale of personal adventure at the pace of a Sabatini, with occasional and surprising lingerings by the pools of sentiment and nature described in rainbow prose. Duranty has written the story of a fifteen-year newspaper assignment, in personal terms, with the gifts of a humanistic thinker and a literary man. Both of them deal largely with Russia: Farson with the pre-Lenin surface, Duranty with the surface, soil and subsoil of 1921–1935. If, by the appearance of this review, any reader has neglected to collect both books, he should do so at once, for the sake of his mind, his soul and his body.

The books come together to this reviewer, and there is reason. Not because Russia and the Russians fill so many of their numerous pages. Not because both men saw things and

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lived in times and places which invest our fireside dreams. They do not belong together, moreover, because Farson and Duranty have worked as foreign correspondents for newspapers. Their real affinity lies in the fact that, one because of temperament, the other because of a philosophic evolution, determined to live as they pleased.

Duranty's bargain with destiny is the key to him and to what he has done — a major person and a major achievement. When he was lying in a French hospital with a gangrenous foot in 1924 he said to himself: "If I get back, I shall do as I please and think as I please and write as I please, without fear or favor." From the moment, soon after the World War, when Duranty became familiar with William Ryall (Bolitho) — that creature, half Hermes, half Mercutius, who blazed through contemporary journalism like a comet and vanished as quickly into the dark — Bolitho had urged Duranty to do just that. But not until the hand of death reached hard for him did he come to the strength of that purpose. The results were: a life worth the telling, a book in which the telling is worthily done, the making of an unusual man, a supreme achievement in journalism.

Bolitho was then a roving correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian* and not yet the guest columnist of *The World* in New York who dazzled its readers with his brilliance and shook them with his penetration. He used to say to Duranty: "Never analyze events in history without first analyzing yourself. Think with your mind, not with your hopes or fears or wishes." Until he went to Russia in 1921, Duranty had not succeeded in that. He was a good reporter and a brilliant writer. But not yet had he developed that indifference to "blood, squalor, fear and pity" which the great reporter must find. The great reporter must sense and indicate the drift of events in observing the happenings of the day. Subjectiveness is the bar to that achievement. When Duranty, as he tells in his book, put that as far aside as most people are able to do, and sat down to watch the Soviet experiment, he was equipped for his task and for his achievement.

What was the achievement, to be pieced out in the Moscow correspondence of the *New York Times* over fifteen years? It was to write the best and truest and most prescient account of

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the rise and triumph of the Soviet State against the predictions of all the world. It was, among other specifications, to see that Stalin would contest with and triumph over Trotzky when Lenin was dead. It was to realize that NEP was not a surrender of communism to capitalism, but the development of the Soviet theory into practical state collectivism — the only complete human one, as Duranty says, since the time of the Incas, but well-known always to the ants and the bees. It was to understand Russia (which he says he never did until he went to China) and to fathom the workings of a social experiment by people who did not put human life "at the top of the list of sacred things." It was, finally, to write the best account of a newspaper job that this reviewer has seen.

To accomplish his task Duranty wrote what he calls "interpretative news articles," a form of journalism essential to distant understanding of a confused scene, as every Washington correspondent under the New Deal well realizes. This is often assailed as "editorializing" in the news columns — a journalistic crime if done with stealth and with the intent to deceive, a journalistic virtue if performed openly and with the intent to inform. This is the type of writing which President Roosevelt especially dislikes — from Washington — but which, from Moscow, as he has repeatedly indicated to Duranty, he views with enthusiastic praise. The very fact the President welcomes interpretative news despatches from a confused and distant scene is the best testimony in their favor.

The survey above has failed to dwell upon the charm of Duranty's style, the color and variety of his adventures and experiences, and their narrative skill and interest. All are present. It is a book for everyone, as the continued size and scope of the sales attest.

Farson does not look inward at himself or at his experiences. His philosophy is light, personal and scantily indicated. The things he saw he sings, and does not dig for reasons. Almost everything happened to him that befalls a living man. Experiences bright and painful lay in wait for him. He knew everybody, saw everything, and evaluated nothing. He would not live a conventional life, and he did not. His youth was incident, upset and change, and his life so continued. People he found wholly explainable, as he finds himself, their variances

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depending upon the degree in which they possess or lack the human components.

He was a bad salesmen of small things, a remarkable salesman of large ones. He was a college athlete who never lost the consciousness of his tall, strong body and its well-being, of the love for the sports of wave, stream and field. His tall, strong body flashes on almost every page in his awareness of it. After he had passed through a series of Gil Blas adventures, been a man-about-town and a man-about-women in the bedlam that was Petrograd in 1915–1917, crashed in Egypt as a British army aviator, lived a trapper's life with his wife in British Columbia, and sailed across Europe in a small boat from the North to the Black Sea (his first newspaper assignment), he was a foreign correspondent in the more formal sense for eleven years. He lost his job (he always lost them) and so he wrote a book about what he had seen and done. It is a yarn for the bed lamp, the hayloft, the wind-swept deck. More than six hundred pages, it does not run out of the stuff of fascination.

To read Farson's picture of czarist, then Kerensky Russia, and to follow this with Duranty's picture of the rise of Lenin's state, is to be translated on a magic carpet to the amphitheatre of history. If Duranty is more deftly literary, Farson has his inspirations too: "Egypt, a colored strip of yellow camps along the blue Mediterranean, burning nights and cool dawns of the desert, the unsatisfying mockery of our own lives!" One is the body, the other the spirit of rich experience. *Genus homo* demonstrates that each has its necessary function.

Farson expresses all manner of opinions which come from himself and from the more than six feet of corporate being which, without offense, so suffuse his account. He likes England to live in better than his own land. He despises the corruption of czarist Russia and the state tyranny of Soviet Russia. He admires John Reed and pays homage to Victor Lawson, his Chicago editor, men whose journalistic ideals were as unlike as fire and skim-milk. From New Jersey, where he was born in the house of the insurgent Union general and debt-despiser who was his grandfather, to England, Scandinavia, Russia, Egypt, India and Afghanistan, Farson muscled his impatient way, observing and taking nothing apart. Of

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this he has written so extraordinarily well as to excuse the one or two lapses into proudful carnality provoked by that same consciousness of that same tall, strong body.

His grandfather (who leaves the book too early for this reviewer), court-martialed for defiant brilliance at Chattanooga, is the true sire of these adventures.

ARTHUR KROCK

NO VILLAIN NEED BE. By Vardis Fisher. Doubleday Doran, $2.50.

A TETRALOGY concerned with present-day life in the United States which remains to the end a puzzling combination of obvious talent for fiction, extreme egocentricity, an honest search for the meaning of life and loose thinking, comes to an end with Vardis Fisher's "No Villain Need Be." Like its three predecessors, "In Tragic Life," "Passions Spin the Plot," and "We Are Betrayed," it takes its title from a poem of George Meredith's, quoted here for the light it throws upon Mr. Fisher's theme:

> " 'Tis morning: but no morning can restore
> What we have forfeited. I see no sin:
> The wrong is mixed. In tragic life, God wot,
> No villain need be! Passions spin the plot:
> We are betrayed by what is false within."

Mr. Fisher received many warm and unrestrained compliments for the earlier parts of his autobiographical attempt to write himself out of his inner difficulties, and while there has never been a time during the progress of the book when I should not have had my reservations about its merits, I am sure that not even its most ardent proponents would now insist that it is a well-rounded piece of work.

As I see it, the first two parts, dealing with the earlier years of the central figure, Vridar Hunter, were the closest to sound fiction, and while nobody would have chosen to read either for pleasure, they both had much genuine power and originality. The suffering of Vridar in his efforts to break through his sexual frustrations was at times almost unbearable, but there was an underlying honesty of purpose behind it all that helped

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to overcome its defects and made one willing to bear with everything else.

With "We Are Betrayed," however, in which Neloa, Vridar's wife, killed herself after her discovery that Vridar had been untrue to her with Athene, the book began definitely to go to pieces artistically, and this process is completed in volume four. There is no justification whatever for the loose and scattered ending of the work; no good reason for the introduction of a series of perfectly sophomoric letters about Europe at the culminating point of the novel when Vridar is about to reveal to his readers the result of his long and desperate search.

Mr. Fisher might answer to this criticism that art is less important than life, which is one of the many statements concerning art that are to be found in the present volume. It is really no answer at all; nothing could be more fatal to an author's attempt to communicate his meaning to others than this deliberate failure to take into account the obligation to give his work as much coherence as possible, to use form as a means of communication, and not to deceive himself into thinking that he is being more honest than anybody else merely by discarding the conventions of the novel. It is a school of thinking, I know, but its fundamental assumptions seem to me wholly false.

The present novel follows Vridar through his period of adjustment after the death of Neloa, who remains the outstanding character in the book to me, and why she didn't kill herself sooner as an escape from having to listen to Vridar's interminable conversations about himself and the universe, remains somewhat of a mystery. It tells us about his adventures as a professor in a Mormon college, with an abundance of comment on the hypocrisies of the American educational system, and it follows him to New York and the Bohemian literary scene, even allowing him a brief experiment at psychoanalyzing people in trouble and setting them on the right track with an uncanny, even incredible, success.

Then follow the letters from Europe, and a long letter to an Irish friend of Vridar's, in which Vridar explains why he is not a communist and really sets the stage for a revelation a little later of what he considers the Great Truth he has come upon

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in his seven solid years of investigating himself. The conclusions he reaches are that he is "a completely selfish and vain and greedy animal" and that there can never be any real peace in the world for the individual and the mass until all men are equally honest with themselves and equally willing to discard the ancient hypocrisies.

Back home in his own western country again with his two children, Lincoln and Keats — only a supreme egotism could be responsible for such names — Vridar reveals his plan for a better world, the philosophy of which I have already suggested. It is that when we have at last abandoned self-pity, we shall learn "to love life simply and fully, with neither self-contempt nor self-glorification," and embracing truth, at last reach a "splendid fellowship," which means very little to me, except that our troubled Vridar has written himself around to a point where he can see the potential good in the human race as well as its actual evil.

Throughout this last book Vridar is working toward a sensible adjustment, trying to clear up the lingering traces of sexual difficulties by following in the footsteps of D. H. Lawrence and acquiring a complete ease in the use of the four-letter words, but there is never a moment when he is not taking himself and his problems with a seriousness that will allow no trace of humor to enter either his life or his work. Since he regards the grace-notes of life as mere symptoms of man's dishonesty, there are none in his human relations, and the very earnestness of his search for truth shows that in his opinion it matters to the world whether or not he finds it; which is at least open to serious doubt. A recognition of this possibility might have eased some of the unnecessary tension in the book.

There are scattered through the pages of "No Villain Need Be" scores of keys to what is wrong with it as a novel besides the intense preoccupation of the author with his hunt for a new formula for living. Proust, he says, "never once dug to the real important truth about himself," and "when an author like Dickens or Hardy broods in vast and tearful grief over his characters, it means nothing in the world but a vast and tearful pity for himself." By the latter test, at least, Mr. Hunter is the equal of Dickens or Hardy, because under the guise of

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being wholly honest about himself, he is guilty of a degree of direct self-interest that would be hard to match in literature.

Then there is another quotation about art — I trust I am doing Mr. Fisher no injustice in suggesting that there is an apparent relation between what he writes and what Vridar Hunter says — which throws a good deal of light upon the formlessness of "No Villain Need Be." It is:

> "They did not seem to realize, certainly, that art had always been and still was the most evasive of all escapes; defeated vanity building its empires in fancy; the frustrated ego scanning its pentameters and trying to give meaning to regret and loss. Persons who faced life and lived it cared nothing about art, at least in its stiff and formal patterns, and had no need of it."

The simple answer to this in Vridar's life is, of course, that he was so intensely preoccupied with his own ego that nothing outside it could touch him at all. He really had no need of art, but Mr. Fisher certainly needed more of it to make his ambitious effort as good as it first promised to be. It remains, aside from its frequently tiresome egocentricity, exasperating and vexing both in its doubtful philosophy and the distinct unevenness of its presentation.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE SOUND WAGON. By T. S. Stribling. Doubleday Doran, $2.50.

IT MUST be regarded as a significant event in contemporary American letters when two of our leading novelists, Sinclair Lewis and Thomas Sigismund Stribling, become preoccupied with current social problems. In his "It Can't Happen Here" Mr. Lewis took occasion to warn the man on Main Street of the possible and even likely danger of the appearance of fascism in America. Within a few months has appeared Mr. Stribling's "The Sound Wagon" which, unlike Mr. Lewis's earlier work, does not treat of hypothetical situations rising from tendencies already apparent in our national life, but which is concerned with portraying the present realities of the unholy alliance between economics and politics, or between financiers and corporations on the one hand, and politicians and government on the other.

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Despite the difference between the future tense of Mr. Lewis's work and the present tense of Mr. Stribling's, both of these novels betray the same basic concern for preserving a cherished *conception* or *way of life* which each fears is being destroyed in this country, and that *conception* or *way of life* is democracy itself. The kind of democracy both novelists would preserve is the sort taken for granted by the man on Main Street — life, liberty, and the enjoyment of a happiness that is the reward of honest toil for a reasonable security, unthreatened by the encroachments of either governments or corporations — in short, the type designated in the prolific terminology of Marxism as a "bourgeois" democracy.

In "The Sound Wagon" Mr. Stribling has, like Sinclair Lewis, placed his hopes in the hands of a representative of the great American middle class. His bearer of "the torch of light" is one Henry Caridius, unsuccessful lawyer and citizen of the city of Megapolis. This Caridius, bent upon reforming the corrupt local government, has entered the race for Congress as the candidate of an Independent Voters' Alliance against the incumbent Andrew Blanke, who is backed by the "big boss" Krausemann, head of the local political machine. By one o'clock on election day Caridius has polled 986 votes, the Socialist candidate 2,832 and Congressman Blanke 52,765. Called into conference by Krausemann during the afternoon, Caridius explains, in answer to the boss's mysterious questions as to the shade of his political beliefs, that "money might be more equally distributed."

> "More equally distributed," [satirizes Krausemann] "If money could not be accumulated the whole color of our civilization would change. Men would then focus their ambition on direct power, unmitigated by the convention of money. No, the real object of money has never been its trade value, as most people think it is; its real object has always been in the nature of a ransom; a tax which the people of a country pay to its strong men in exchange for their personal freedom. That is why people can't use their votes to take the money back again. The whole arrangement would be canceled and the people would fall into direct slavery again, just as Germany and Italy and Russia have done."

Following his conversation with Krausemann, Caridius is

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surprised (and so is the reader) to discover that by a coincidence nothing short of miraculous Congressman Blanke has died in Washington and that, *mirabile dictu*, he himself has been elevated to Congress by Krausemann, who secured his election by the simple expedient of having Blanke's followers return to the polls and vote again, this time for Caridius.

In Washington Caridius finds it impossible to carry out his preëlection platform of helping the middle class, which he had previously described to a close friend:

> Why, we middle-class people are the nation. . . . Or at least we think we are. We feel that labor is working for us and that capital is arranging things for us, while as a matter of fact neither one of those groups is interested in us at all. They are working for themselves, of course. Every tiniest divisible part of America is working for itself and for nobody else. That's the way we do; it's our rule; it's what America is.

Instead of furthering the cause of reform in the interests of the middle class, Caridius soon discovers that his conversation is limited to the monosyllabic affirmative, "yes," whenever he is spoken to by Krausemann, who in turn takes his orders from the multi-millionnaire, Littenham, president of the Westover Trust Company and of the Rumbourg-Nordensk Munitions and Arms Company.

Later Caridius becomes embroiled in the battle between Joe Canarelli, racketeer ordinary (evidently patterned after Al Capone) and Littenham, racketeer extraordinary. Caught between two fires — the brutal directness of Canarelli and the subtle indirectness of Littenham, who has the law on his side, Caridius awakes to find himself a mere cat's paw to pull the chestnuts out of both fires. Finally, backed by Canarelli, Caridius bucks the "ring" in his race for a seat in the Senate, and although he wins the race on a program of exposure and reform, he is debarred from the Senate and sent to prison at Atlanta because of election irregularities.

To have traced these few incidents is to have pointed out only a few asides in Mr. Stribling's volume. It is so intensely dramatic that one not infrequently looks, as in reading a play, for the familiar author's directions for acting. Indeed, this ability to construct rapidly moving plots is at once Mr. Stribling's strength and weakness. As usual, his story is a labyrinth

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of situations through which one is guided only by a thread of common interest, a thread which grows thin and tenuous at times, but which eventually leads one to the end. Each of Mr. Stribling's novels is a sort of drama festival — a playwright was lost to Broadway when T. S. Stribling became a novelist.

In the hands of a lesser artist than Mr. Stribling, such a gift for simple tale-telling would be fatal to the drawing of well-rounded characters. While in the present work the characters are nothing more than types, there was no need for the author to make them creatures of blood and bone. To have done so would have slowed up the tempo of the action and detracted from the author's thesis that something is seriously wrong with our present system of democracy.

Mr. Stribling is too much the artist to content himself with mere exposition. He has presented "The Sound Wagon" as an extended exercise in irony. In the final analysis, the ironist is interested in seeing life as a whole, and must take the long term perspective. Measuring the part against the whole, most usually the current reality against the historical past, the ironist finds life as he sees it incomplete, and takes a sardonic delight in portraying its inadequacies and frustrations. This T. S. Stribling does in "The Sound Wagon."

WILLIAM AND KATHRYN CORDELL

THE LIVING JEFFERSON. By James Truslow Adams. Scribner's, $3.00.

MR. ADAMS has done as much as anyone of his generation to popularize American history, but nothing that he has accomplished along these lines stands out as vividly as the coining of the phrase "The American Dream." Mr. Adams has conferred upon American history the perfect emblem of Americanism: he has given it a slogan.

Every dream has its dreamer. A vision cannot spring into existence in a crowd: it must, by its nature, appear to a single individual. Realizing this, Mr. Adams has identified the dreamer of his dream as Thomas Jefferson.

The American dream, reduced to its simplest terms, is liberalism, and Jefferson was the most perfect, the greatest of all liberals. Mr. Adams explains, " . . . Liberalism is rather

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an attitude than a program. It is less a solution of governmental problems than it is a way of looking at them. It is based on the doctrine of live and let live. A liberal is bound to insist upon freedom — freedom as far as possible for the individual to manage his own affairs, freedom of thought, speech and of the press, toleration of both the possession and expression of other points of view in religion, politics and modes of life. These the liberal considers to be values without which a full and humane life cannot be achieved.

"All freedom involves responsibility, and responsibility involves risks. For the sake of enjoying the above rights the liberal is willing to take risks feared by both conservatives and socialists. Not being a fool, he realizes, as do the others, that society must have a structure; but he is more concerned with the freedom and fullness of the life of the citizen within that structure than with the structure itself."

"The Living Jefferson" (perhaps it is only a memory today) is the love of liberalism, the recurring demand for freedom and popular government. "About once every generation, or on an average of every thirty years, what we may call Americanism in the sense of a desire to free one's self from the trammels of being governed or exploited (which is much the same thing) by others, has risen like a tide to high-water mark, resulting in loud protests, political upheavals, and even wars, depending on the severity of the crisis." The time is ripe for one of these periodic eruptions of liberalism (just thirty years ago Bryan was agonizing the reactionaries, and roughly thirty years before that Lincoln produced the Gettysburg address), but at the moment the people seem to be clamoring for bread and automobiles, rather than for freedom. Perhaps liberalism, like a swarm of locusts, will sweep across the country at the most unexpected moment — as Mr. Adams obviously hopes.

Like all of his books, this one is very readable; though it adds nothing to our knowledge of Jefferson, it will doubtless increase the public's interest in and appreciation of him. The book would be stronger if the last chapter, dealing entirely with the current political situation, had been omitted; but this can be easily remedied by the reader — all he has to do is to lay the book down without reading it.

JOHN PELL

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ROGER B. TANEY: Jacksonian Jurist. By Charles W. Smith, Jr. University of North Carolina Press, $3.00.
ROGER B. TANEY. By Carl Brent Swisher. Macmillan, $5.00.

THE book by Carl Brent Swisher is a long biography, or history, of Roger B. Taney; Charles W. Smith, Jr.'s is a concentrated analysis of his legal, and more especially, his constitutional career. Dr. Smith examines the "Jacksonian jurist" logically, starting out, after a short biographical introduction, with a discussion of sovereignty which takes the reader ambitiously close to the problem of the one and the many. Dr. Smith believes that, in his idea of the American community, Taney closely followed Rousseau. Sovereignty resided unalterably in the people. Taney had two social compacts — the state and national constitutions — formed and accepted by "common consent." These compacts, unlike Rousseau's, were binding on the sovereign people, embodying as they did, methods of revision acceptable to Taney. By judging this difference between Rousseau and Taney slight, and by making no great point of the tangible, historical character of the American constitutions as contrasted to Rousseau's social compact, although he discusses these differences, the author makes Taney a closer disciple than many might admit. He emphasizes, also, Rousseau's statist rather than his romantic and revolutionary and anarchistic attitudes. Dr. Smith is pleased to find that Taney never appealed beyond the sovereign people to higher laws or natural rights, and implies that that was basically Rousseaunian; but the very irresponsibility of Rousseau's sovereign, under its own constitution, can be interpreted as an appeal to a higher, or at least a different law than Taney's.

Dr. Smith elucidates brilliantly the divided sovereignty of the American system — or rather, the dual establishment and delegation from the single people, the conception of which Chief Justice Taney expressed with a clarity and persuasiveness that are a basis of much of his renown.

> Believing in the highly sovereign power of the people as their will is constitutionally established, he sought to allow free expression to their will whether in the delegated powers of the national government or in the reserved powers of the states.

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> Considered as a grant of power to the national government he construed the Constitution liberally; considered as a limitation on the power of the states he construed it strictly.

It was through this interpretation that the Jacksonian revolution came to the Supreme Court when Marshall died and Justice Story was in a minority. Taney was happy to conserve for the Federal government all the positive power that Marshall had given it, and he followed Marshall in making the Supreme Court the judge of where the sovereign power lay, whether in the states or in the national government, and in what branch of the national government, but he did not exert the negative power of the Court. The states could do what they pleased, even foolish things, whenever the Constitution didn't explicitly forbid it. During twenty-eight years on the Supreme Court Taney ruled just one act of Congress unconstitutional: in the Dred Scott decision of 1857 the Court declared the repealed Missouri Compromise of 1820 had been illegal.

Taney did not identify the government with the sovereign people. It was the agent of a people which expressed itself directly only through constitutions. The question of whether the government was acting for the good, and the Constitution working for the bad, was beside the point. The Constitution declared negroes incapable of citizenship, according to Taney, so when the government made them citizens, it exceeded its powers and the question of whether or not it was good to have them citizens did not enter.

Dr. Smith considers Taney's liberal interpretation of the police power of states a very important contribution. This, the traditional view, is contradicted by Professor Swisher. It is largely a matter of definition. Dr. Smith notes that Taney defined police power as "nothing more nor less" than the reserved sovereignty of the states. In any case, it was something to use to enforce the general welfare in the face of groups within the state, corporate groups with liquid wealth whose power Jacksonians feared and condemned. Swisher believes "Taney's position, essentially, was that the sanctifying label of 'police power' was not needed to justify the exercise of powers possessed by sovereign states and never surrendered."

According to Dr. Smith's interpretation, Taney had a full

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democratic faith that the sovereign people should express their will with complete freedom so long as they do not contradict themselves by breaking their own constitutions. He was bitter when both North and South constantly disregarded the Constitution in the Civil War — but because the Constitution remained while the individual rights it protected were overlooked by the government, he did not challenge popular sovereignty but condemned the government. Dr. Smith ends his book with a speculation about what Taney would have thought of his supposedly democratic and Rousseaunian principles if the sovereign people, acting constitutionally, had expressed themselves against such private rights as habeas corpus and freedom of speech, in some such way as Lincoln's administration did. Would he have been consistent in accepting the authoritarian idea, or would he have embraced pluralism, with its rejection of a single popular sovereignty? The analytical method of this book furnishes no great clue to the answer.

The Swisher biography is the history of the man and times that created the material for the other study. It is organic and not so theoretic; it dwells not so much on a judgment as on the evidence for one. It does not try the discipline of Dr. Smith's integration, but it is a full interpretation, scholarly, altogether interesting, and, one can't help but feel, a better book to make one understand the subject. Taney was, both authors declare, a man of action; and the whole course of his activity is obviously most important if we are to understand the reasoning that went along with it. Carl Brent Swisher projects the astoundingly full career of Taney, and the sweep of his long life, with a regard for and insistence upon sources, an unprejudiced sympathy and a naturalness of style that make a very good biography. It is almost the grand manner.

It falls short, it seems to me, because the author hasn't quite full confidence in the importance of his subject. He is conscious of a cynicism, which does not seem to be his own, which deflates not only the virtue, but also the importance of any old days. The vitality of a past time is too much measured by the clear influence it has on us. The remarkable parallelism of Jacksonian democracy to New Deal democracy is somewhat over-explicit, and too much of a parable is made out of dead

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men's lives. There does not seem to be an acceptance, but there is at least a bow for the theory that the past is interesting only as it helps to solve our present practical problems. The grand manner requires more complete allegiances.

Taney was born with "the heritage of a southern gentleman." This heritage, the biographer maintains, he always worked to retain, but his definition of gentleman was better than most. The association of his Maryland, landholding group with the Federalist party is not altogether elucidated. However, the loyal tendencies which made Taney "King Coodie" of the opposition wing of the party during the War of 1812, and the democratic and agrarian influences that led him to Jackson at the end of the "era of good feeling," are clearer. He believed in democracy, and automatically associated himself with the leaders of democracy. Tangible property in productive land was a decent means to personal eminence. Taney's personal income was professional, honorable, and only barely adequate. The mercantile man and banker were to him parasitic and obnoxious. Taney is not pictured simple enough for absolute, theoretic Jacksonianism, but "Nick Biddle's marble palace" was distasteful to him, as a fact and as a symbol of big and anonymous corporations.

The "bank war" is the epic of Mr. Swisher's biography. Taney, as Attorney-General and Secretary of the Treasury, is shown no "pliant instrument" of Jackson but a co-leader, capable of downing men with great names in American history books. The bank war was considered by Jacksonians as the center of "the great struggle to redeem our Republic from the corrupting domination of a great moneyed power" — corporate wealth careless of public welfare. It appears that they recognized the enemy, but overestimated their counter-attack. In the ranks of the enemy were lined up Nationalists and Whigs and Know Nothings, represented and defended by Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, for a long time Calhoun, the heroic banker, Nicholas Biddle, and many others. It was what went then as big and progressive capitalism. The antidote was little capitalism, southern and western agriculture, and a recognition of public welfare, but it did not have the most progressive elements.

The evidence Mr. Swisher gives shows that it would be

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dangerous to dismiss Taney as a representative of the southern slave culture which the Civil War and industrialism swept out. This impression is created in spite of the fact that that is practically the final position the author leaves for him after the tragic Dred Scott decision. In a way, he represented an even narrower interest group — between northern industrialism and southern slave agrarianism. Taney thought he stood for principles. It is difficult to conceive of a property system or material culture under which many of his principles would not be valuable. Taney did not talk about natural rights and higher laws, but he undoubtedly believed in them. He could not imagine the sovereign people deliberately contradicting them. He exhibited a faith, these books would indicate, declaring that citizens are to have equal rights and privileges, which rights and privileges are to be determined by themselves, and which will always include those that permit a good life. Taney was not the sort of man to list the ones he believed to be in the last category, but he certainly did not die feeling they had become irretrievably obsolete.

PHILIP BURNHAM

THE EXILE. By Pearl Buck. A John Day Book, Reynal and Hitchcock, $2.50.

IN A RECENT paper on fiction, Mrs. Buck says that "in choosing a life about which to write, the novelist does not choose only one life. In that one he chooses all of humanity." As Mrs. Buck's first excursion outside fiction, and as a portrait of an exiled American mother, "The Exile" exhibits just that universality. It does more, besides, of what her first and present publisher has said of all her writings — that they further the common understanding of the human heart. The biography is no carefully tabulated and documented affair concerning a life-history which was never front-page news anyway. Rather, the author has written an impressionistic sketch within the loose confines of a cinematic narrative. The result is as loving and almost as objective a study as Daphne Du Maurier's contemporary portrait of her actor father, Gerald. Viewed as such, if less artistic, it is as absorbing as any of her novels. This reviewer generally dislikes fictionalized biography in

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literary art, regarding it as bastard progeny. But the medium is to be pardoned in this instance — perhaps because of the warmth and sincerity, perhaps because of the explanations through background and influences, of that feminine counterpart of Mr. Galsworthy in letters, Mrs. Buck herself.

This combined life-story and portrait of an American mother, Carie, divides itself roughly into two component parts. The first paints with a big brush, in a few strokes, her family inheritance and girlhood. The author's great-grandfather was a thriving merchant in Utrecht. Thus, on one side, Carie came of independent, well-to-do Dutch stock, three generations of which sailed away from their country to America for freedom, impelled by an ideal of God and man. On the other side, she was of French extraction, having a dainty Huguenot mother who had dared to go to America with a Dutchman she knew hardly at all, and who made a marvelous pioneer in West Virginia farmlands. There Carie grew up in a house European in its etchings and fine furniture, while her parents "set themselves resolutely to build their lives into the life of the American nation." She enjoyed a gracious sort of living with music and books and flowers and ordered landscape, even in periods of hardship. Years later, broken and homesick in China, an oval teakwood table she had bought from a Chinese dealer served as one of many manufactured links to bind her children, bit by bit to their country.

From her father, Hermanus, dandified and fastidious jeweler and clockmaker, spoiled by all the rest of his family, Carie inherited a sensuous love of beauty, likewise that churchly sense of duty, stern daughter of the voice of God. Her mother bequeathed her a Gallic gaiety and practicality that stood her in good stead on missionary pay in interior Asia. As non-slaveowners, caught on the borderland between north and south, they had endured trials in plenty; and as Carie said, "I have done every kind of work needed to maintain life and I am glad of it." She did much, as well, as this book testifies, to nourish the spirit — in prayer, but mainly in service. For despite her Victorian conscience, she did not allow herself for a moment ever to be introverted. In its beginning, the book harks back to the disappearing America of certainties and puritanical faiths — the home, the church, book-learning, domestic art,

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not science — and this with a wistful sincerity if not exactly nostalgia. This section while it has the more abundant charm seems more removed from reality, being second-hand and coming from oft repeated hearsay.

Just why Carie chose a man she admired but did not love, and took up a missionary's lot with him, abandoning her beloved America, is not entirely clear to twentieth century eyes. Perhaps she feared her pagan tendencies, as she thought them, perhaps her mother's death, or the puritan preoccupation of a sensitive woman with what was then termed her eternal soul, influenced her to take this step. Married to a Saint Paul who never saw her as a woman, and robbed his wife of that "tiny margin between bitter poverty and small comfort" for the translation of his New Testament, Carie tried desperately to take root in China. The Chinese called her the "American woman of good works." Her existence kaleidoscoped from Shanghai up river to Hangchow to primitive Cheefoo, up the treacherous Yangtze — devoted always to the double effort of healing some segment of the diseased and poverty-ridden people, and shielding her children from the oriental jungle of life about them, "too beautiful as it was and too sad for childish hearts."

Shocking experiences fill the pages like the episode of the young missionary doctor rendered dangerously insane by the enormity of his task in an inland city, or the flight from the cholera epidemic, or the incident of midnight hospitality to the Chinese rabble in time of drought which saved their "white devil" lives. Four children (who would doubtless have survived elsewhere) this Kwanyin, goddess of mercy, lost to this alien land. Yet there were happy intervals: an economical holiday in Europe, a visit to Virginia, the little stone house above the sea where she could garden even in China, the fruits of her kindnesses to the downtrodden of her sex and of understanding towards Eurasians. She was in all probability a domineering woman, being high-tempered and rebellious. Nevertheless she endured unspeakable loneliness save for her children, suffered rigid economy and a marriage that was a travesty with cheerfulness and courage, where another would have been crushed by it. She possessed one of those natures that is at its best when sorely tried, mentally and physically,

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and challenged spiritually. The Chinese environment, except for its certain phases of beauty, was distasteful to her, but she conquered and accepted it gladly at the last. Out of that acceptance, probably, grew her daughter's ability to interpret so remarkably and in such universal language the Chinese character in her books, "The Good Earth" and "The House Divided." Her tormented search for God never ended nor succeeded during a full and most incredibly useful life. Through her children and her good works she found fulfilment — a fulfilment the modern woman tends to scorn.

Mrs. Buck writes always with an emotional upsurge that may lack reserve to some readers. They may resent so much pathos and feel that even in this labor of love, she could possibly have been more restrained and critical. They could scarcely require of her, however, a testament of greater honesty.

ELEANOR L. VAN ALEN

INNOCENT SUMMER. By Frances Frost. Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50.

PARENTS fare badly in Frances Frost's first novel, "Innocent Summer." This of course is entirely in accord with fiction conventions of the present day. However, the reader cannot help wondering how it happens that each of the six children whose fortunes we follow throughout one summer should be devoid of anything like real viciousness, while of their twelve parents scarcely one is a normally decent human being, and several are very bad indeed. Paul Hagar's pa is a drunken brute; so is Sam Evans's; Mart O'Brien's father is depicted as worse than brutal with his incestuous pawings. Fern Denoyier's daddy is a pretty tolerable individual, but her mother's mind is filthy, and the scene wherein she tells the "facts of life" to her shrinking daughter is the more hideous because photographically true. Dorothy Burke's parents quarrel incessantly over her theological upbringing, and her stupid mother makes her the victim, not only of innumerable spankings, but of much half unintentional cruelty. Consumptive Donald Moffat's parents are dead when the book begins, and he expires long before it is ended.

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Miss Frost possesses the novelist's most important gift, the ability to portray character. These children of hers, children of from five years of age to thirteen or fourteen, are neither mature nor infantile, but ignorant, eager, puzzled, pitiful in their awkward efforts to adjust themselves to those about them and to their physical environment. Each is different from the others. The childish idyll of Fern and poor Don's short and innocent romance is so exquisite you rather wonder how Miss Frost could endure to make Fern a protagonist in the very far from exquisite episode which closes the book. But the entire novel possesses something of the spirit of refined cruelty which belonged to the Renaissance.

The construction is unusual; Miss Frost has portrayed the life of a New England township during the four summer months as it appears in the eyes of each of six children. This method makes the book a trifle jerky and episodic, annoying too, at times, when the interest is suddenly switched from one character to another. Yet on the whole Miss Frost has woven her various threads with surprising skill, so that the pattern of the township's daily life takes shape before your eyes. The only real story in the book is that of Paul Hagar, whose suicide is so little comprehensible to the neighbors. He was a trifle older than the other children and since most of them scarcely knew him their lives were little affected by his death. Only Mart, for whom he had carved the little cow, was deeply affected.

As readers of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW already know, Miss Frost is a poet, and this fact is evident in her novel. The descriptions are of unusual beauty, painted with sureness and strength and grace. When September came, "the hyacinth mountains were slashed with crimson and sorrel; the air smoked from the leaf fires, blue fog brushed the coral of hawthorn and rose-haws, lifted to bathe the boughs in the acrid fragrance of disaster." Our author seems to care deeply for the New England landscape she draws with an effortless loveliness. Sam Evans, staring up at the maple-tree noticed that: "the outer end of each branch was tipped with a single scarlet leaf . . . they were fully opened, fully shaped, smaller than the other leaves on the boughs and already blighted with brilliant fiery death. And it was only June." Those maple

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leaves are symbolic; it is with the blighting of beauty rather than with its survival or its rebirth that Miss Frost is concerned, and this so affects the book that you close it foreseeing frustration if not disaster for the young things whose childhood and adolescence it paints.

Not only is life hard and dreary in the poverty-stricken village where most of the women are spiritless drudges, old and worn out long before their time; where the men find their principal pleasure in getting drunk and hanging about the poolroom; where scandal is rife, and actions which might easily be taken for the results of neighborly kindness are shown to be motivated, for the most part, solely by curiosity. The terrible narrowness of these lives — so closely circumscribed that they can find mental sustenance only in feeding on each other — cramps all natural growth. Only by getting away from the environment into which they were born can any one of them hope to escape, and for strong-willed, independent Dorothy alone does one see any faintest prospect of broken bars. The rest are doomed as those maple leaves were doomed, in the June of their lives. Very beautifully written, excellent in characterization, interesting, unmarred by amateurishness, Frances Frost's first novel is arresting — and very painful.

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

KING JASPER. A Posthumous Poem. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan, $2.00.

WHAT the readers of Robinson's posthumous poem will long remember is not so much the poem as the Introduction by Robert Frost. Indeed, this is much more than an Introduction — though it is that too. It is, in effect, a valedictory, a noble and eloquent hail and farewell to a friend and a fellow craftsman. Like everything Frost writes or says, it is very quiet and very simple; it moves like brave and starry talk; it is at once a generous and penetrating tribute and an important contemporary testament of poetic faith.

No one who relishes Robinson can afford to miss it. No one who loves Frost will. It is not merely good editorial judgment that applauds the happy choice of Frost as Robinson's eulogist. It is a rare case, as well, of poetic justice. For no two men

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were ever more congenial, geographically and spiritually, than Robinson and Frost. But that is beside the point of this particular review.

We do not feel that "King Jasper" adds a cubit to Robinson's stature as a philosopher or a poet. By the same token we are pleased to feel that it does not subtract from that stature. True, there are flashes now and again of the old familiar clairvoyance, clouded, as it were, in luminous allegory; unforgettable illuminations in that pungent, half-elfin, half-rabbinical idiom peculiar to the cosmic yankee; those instantaneous bolts of passionate perception that streak a livid furrow of splendor across the eyeballs of the mind.

Frankly, however, the poem as a whole is suspect of weariness. The delineation blurs; the action lags; the situations return upon themselves in fatigued ellipses and repetitious tropes; the language misses fire, grows wordy.

And yet, when all is said and done, there remains something that is of the poem and above it: a tremendous integrity as clear and confident and remote as a mountain; a wisdom the drollest and the saddest and the most compassionate in the world of English poetry since Shakespeare; an astringent and stubborn affection, almost talmudical in its tenacity, for the world's failures and near failures, its misfits and maladjustments and frustrations, and its human follies in general, not to be found elsewhere in the entire body of our literature.

Salve atque vale!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

WHY KEEP THEM ALIVE? By Paul de Kruif. Harcourt Brace, $3.00.

PAUL DE KRUIF'S thesis in "Why Keep Them Alive?" is that the children of America should not be allowed to die where science provides the knowledge for saving them. He says it is futile to advise mothers on the necessity for more food and balanced diet for their children when they do not have what he continually refers to as the "wherewithal" to buy enough. His argument is well taken, his objective worthy, his spirit right, but he labors his point unbelievably with pages and pages of unnecessary words and phrases.

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The author's medical facts are sound and interesting. He selects certain diseases, such as tuberculosis, rheumatic heart disease, rickets, and diphtheria, ascribing them largely to poverty. He is trying, as in his other books, to lend glamor to the lives of the most realistic of all people — the scientists — who are plodding along in mathematics, themselves unaware they are being turned into romantic figures.

The reader's heart will be torn over the story of particular children whose fate de Kruif has observed at first hand. The most moving thing in the book, perhaps, is his description of the Cincinnati slums. Less moving but more dramatic is his report of how tuberculosis was handled surgically in Detroit by operations to collapse the chest. He relates his conversation with the principal health officials of Detroit. When he asked how much it would take to wipe out tuberculosis from that city by surgical means, they replied, "Two hundred thousand dollars a year," and howled with derision at his suggestion that they get it; Detroit was almost bankrupt. De Kruif endeavors to prove that the expenditure of this sum would allow these operations to be performed at once instead of resorting to long and infinitely expensive cures, thereby saving the taxpayers a million dollars a year.

The author lays great emphasis upon the causes of rheumatic heart disease in children. But his mistake lies in accepting the unproved theory that poverty is the sole cause. So often in the past scientists have been disappointed when such widely heralded discoveries failed to materialize. And in this case the medical profession is still skeptical, nor is it willing, under such circumstances, to urge the whole nation to revamp its economic system.

De Kruif's most interesting medical description concerns Dr. Dafoe and what he did to save the lives of the Dionne quintuplets. He combats the idea it was a matter of luck to preserve the five premature babies whose weight was hardly more than ten pounds at birth. Dr. Dafoe brought both science and common sense to his problem. This chapter, however, is outside his thesis, and is added to the book merely for the sake of its inherent drama.

The author has obviously been reading books on economics and has arrived thereby at certain conclusions, poured out in a

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torrent of emotion, like the indignant ideas of an adolescent when he first learns that all is not right with the world. He fails to realize his outpourings will not right the wrong; only sober study and analysis can, in time, correct the evil. De Kruif himself finally gives it all up, and intimates that the best thing for him to do is sit at home and write articles about it. He believes in this way he may be able to arouse popular indignation against the sacrifice of children.

Up to a certain point the de Kruif conclusions are undoubtedly sound, but afterwards, to apply his own terminology to himself, he goes "haywire." In a few instances he apparently advocates revolution, the storming of Washington, the deposition of our "head men." He fails to take into account that violence of this sort is one cause of economic distress, and would inevitably perpetuate the very wrong he would like to see righted.

The pages of this volume are full of diatribes, sometimes aimed at individuals, sometimes at the economic structure of society. De Kruif blames Secretary of Agriculture Wallace severely for advocacy of crop control, and the killing of animals. He contends there never was enough milk, and the crime of getting the farmers to slaughter cattle was responsible for infinite suffering among children. He attacks Dr. Haven Emerson who, at the Child Health Recovery Conference in Washington, said there was no evidence that the depression had brought about deterioration in health, and we were shooting at an imaginary ill. De Kruif shows real starvation existed; he keeps saying more food, more food, more food, but neither here nor elsewhere is he specific in his remedies.

De Kruif claims, as others have done, that killing off cattle and not raising crops is no real solution. He took the figures of Circular 296 of the Department of Agriculture as to a liberal diet for each individual, and multiplied this by the population of the United States. He found the amount of food available at the time of the destruction was startlingly inadequate to meet requirements. He blames the bankers and the economists, classes according to him more interested in the safety of dividends and investments than in safeguarding the human race.

The author's intentions are good, but by bombast, conscious seeking after effect, hitting at the emotions, he has

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weakened his own arguments. He has picked out salient statistics here and there which will prove the results of his economic studies, ignoring all other factors that enter into this complicated problem. He forgets that the present system is a product of the past, and the economic mill, as well as that of medical science, grinds exceeding slow.

Almost no section out of the book would stand by itself. But in all justice, the emotional power behind it, confused as it is, must be admitted. This will undoubtedly accomplish something of the result the author had in mind of at least making people take thought. However, the price of his book, I fear, will keep it safely out of the hands of those whom he most desires to inspire to revolt.

VICTOR G. HEISER, M.D.

MRS. ASTOR'S HORSE. By Stanley Walker. Stokes, $3.00.
FATHER STRUCK IT RICH. By Evalyn Walsh McLean (with Boyden Sparkes). Little Brown, $3.00.

SINCE Mark Twain preëmpted that useful phrase, "the gilded age," for the state of the republic *consule Grant*, we have lacked a useful term to describe subsequent decades devoted to conspicuous expenditure. I modestly suggest for the country, *duce Harding*, "the gaudy era." The gaudy we have always with us, as the erudite pages of Mr. Stanley Walker testify, but after the World War they seem to have taken charge of the nation. The documentary history of the Neronian twenties is now immensely enriched by the genius of Mrs. McLean (with Boyden Sparkes) and the researches which have led to "Mrs. Astor's Horse." "Mrs. Astor's plush horse," by the by, is a richer variant of this lyrical comparison.

"Father Struck It Rich" is, as the title-page informs us, a joint production. The "Foreword," however, is signed by the owner of the blue Hope diamond, and something in the literary style of this portion of the book leads me to conjecture that it is solely the product of a feminine pen. Mrs. McLean's capacity for succinct statement of moral truths surpasses anything else of the kind in either book. "Human nature," she has observed, "is such a wonderful thing." She has remarked that "anyone with a little money can write a check, sit back, and

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tell someone how to spend it; but the real joy in life is the personal touch." Money, it seems, "is lovely to have and I have loved having it, but it does not really bring the big things of life — friends, health, respect — and it is so apt to make one soft and selfish." The authoress is not discouraged despite this handicap. "Personally, I have so much faith in goodness and right working out in the end that it never worries me." Mrs. McLean's "Foreword" should be required reading among those in charge of unemployment relief. It will cheer and lighten their darker hours.

Mrs. McLean (with Boyden Sparkes) has achieved a book well-nigh unique in literary history. The McLean millions were necessarily a powerful force in the history of the nation, especially since they controlled the *Cincinnati Enquirer* and the *Washington Post*, but in the three hundred and sixteen pages of the book there is not the slightest single trace of economic thinking, of social responsibility, of political thought other than that Warren Harding became "a weary, heartsick man" and that "thanks to a childlike manner" and "a squad of high-priced lawyers," Edward McLean "succeeded in avoiding punishment" when the relentless Senator Walsh uncovered the fact that he had not, as he said he had, loaned Albert Fall a hundred thousand dollars. There is only one exception to this general rule. Mrs. McLean bought a thousand sandwiches and a thousand packages of cigarettes for the bonus army, got them a tent, and allowed their leader to recuperate in her million-dollar home; and turned "raging mad" when she saw motion pictures of Mr. Hoover's prætorian guard "running those wretched Americans out of the Capital." Once, when Senator Borah attended a ball at the McLean mansion, "stood there in the ballroom in his sombre evening clothes" and "surveyed our guests, our servants, and the rich furnishings of the I Street House," he said, loud enough to be overheard, "This sort of thing is what brings on a revolution." "I made up my mind," says the book, "that, for a while at least, I would not subject Senator Borah to such a hazard," and so the hostess wrote a note to Mrs. Borah saying that "I knew her husband did not like dinner parties and evening clothes!"

"Father Struck It Rich" falls into two sections. The first describes the rise to wealth of that salty Irishman, Tom

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Walsh, who dug the original millions out of the Colorado hills; and whatever one's economic judgment may be on this form of exploitation, there is something firm and admirable about this indomitable prospector. He was part of the gilded age and necessarily shared its *mores*. When, however, the chronicle passes into the twentieth century, it passes into an existence as fantastic and unreal as that comic strip of the era, the dream adventures of Little Nemo. Tom Walsh knew mines and he knew men; what he apparently didn't know was how to bring up children. The second portion of the volume is the story of a spoiled child's adventures among the idle rich. A honeymoon costing two hundred thousand dollars is merely an incident in this "gay social whirl." Mr. McLean, according to his wife, was never given any "taste of discipline" because his parents "could not bear to see his tears or hear him wail."

Mr. Walker has collected some twenty-three examples of what irresponsible publicity can do by way of making the gaudy era still more gaudy. The Valentino funeral, the Dillinger case, the Hauptmann trial, the interior decorating racket, and the Byzantine opulence of Mr. Earl Carroll's exploitation of the nude are characteristic offerings. Mr. Walker is deft, amusing, determined not to be emotionally upset by these *curiosa*, so that his rapier thrust is the more deadly by reason of his Olympian calm. Doubtless there are those who will wag their heads over "Mrs. Astor's Horse" and dolefully inquire what we are morally come to. I can not, however, escape the conviction that these phenomena are on the surface only. Few civilizations escape their daffy days. Miss Sally Rand is, for example, at once an eternal and a transitory type. Even Jimmy Walker in himself will not bring on a revolution. But the possession of limitless wealth by the family pictured with naïve candor in "Father Struck It Rich" is a graver matter. One can not even comment on the sense of values displayed in that autobiography for the simple reason that they are too rudimentary for analysis.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

This department is devoted, in the main, to reviews of books by American authors, or books dealing with some aspect of American life.

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Contributors' Column

Olin Downes ("And after Toscanini — What?") The resignation of Arturo Toscanini forces America's oldest symphony orchestra to face a new crisis, and perhaps a new epoch in its history. Mr. Downes, music critic of *The New York Times*, considers the implications of forthcoming changes in the Philharmonic-Symphony significant not only for this orchestra, but for the future of orchestral music throughout the country.

William Saroyan ("School") has been a focus for controversy ever since the publication of "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze." What he calls a short story, may not be, but he writes with prodigious fluency and ease. Mr. Saroyan admits to having bombarded editors, after acceptance of his first stories, with one story every day for a year. His new book "Inhale and Exhale" contains one year's output — seventy-seven pieces.

Walter Duranty ("The Bogey of Moscow") is the Pulitzer Prize foreign correspondent, and author of the current best-seller, "I Write as I Please." He has just returned to Russia and is in the process of writing a book which will probably be called "One Life, One Kopek."

Joseph Auslander ("To Elinor Wylie") is one of our foremost poets and a lecturer in poetry at Columbia University. He has written several books of verse and is well-known for his brilliant translations.

Schuyler C. Wallace ("Political Imponderables") is a member of the department of Public Law at Columbia University, and is the author of "The New Deal in Action" and several other books dealing with politics.

Sir Malcolm Campbell ("Automobile Transport of the Future") is an outstanding personality to motor enthusiasts, having established the world's record land speed of 301 miles an hour at Bonneville, Utah in September 1935. He is the author of "My Thirty Years of Speed" and other books.

Thomas Caldecot Chubb ("Pastel for the Month of Roses") is familiar to readers of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW as a writer of verse, short stories and book reviews.

Thomas Riggs, Jr. ("We Call Upon America") is the National Treasurer of the Veterans of Future Wars, an organization that has made the spring lively for Congressmen, Legionnaires and Daughters of the American Revolution. Founded in March by students of Prince-

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ton, the Veterans of Future Wars has quickly spread to other colleges throughout the country.

Lloyd Morris ("Some Recent American Fiction") is a distinguished writer and lecturer. Formerly a magazine editor, he now spends all of his time writing. He is the author of "The Rebellious Puritan," "This Circle of Flesh," and other books. At the present time he is writing a novel depicting life in New York since the Civil War.

James Henry ("The Wealth of Childhood") is a sportsman and former student of law whose activities have kept him far from the field of poetry. A great angler and hunter, he has spent most of his life in the open. This is his first published poem. Even in poetry he hunts only big game, being, it would appear, out for the laurels of A. A. Milne.

Fairfax Downey ("Catastrophe of the Trophies") is a former newspaper man, familiar to readers of the *Kansas City Star*, the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *New York Sun*. He is the author of a number of successful books and is at present writing a biography of Charles Dana Gibson.

Katharine Anthony ("The Happiest Years") Before publishing her widely read biographies of Catherine the Great and Marie Antoinette, Miss Anthony had won literary recognition with a life of Margaret Fuller, friend to the erudite Emerson. In her article published in this issue she returns to the Concord of Transcendental days. Here is the family circle, later immortalized by "Little Women," in which Louisa M. Alcott passed her childhood.

Le Baron Cooke ("Actress") is a Boston poet. He is a contributor of verse to many current periodicals.

Paul Horgan ("A Journey of Hope") was unknown until his novel "The Fault of Angels," won the biennial Harper prize three years ago. Now his name is familiar to readers of contemporary fiction. He is considered one of the most gifted of the younger American novelists. A resident of New Mexico, Mr. Horgan teaches English in a military school. "Main Line West," his latest book, was published some weeks ago.

BOOK REVIEWERS

John Erskine taught and lectured at Columbia for many years. A successful novelist, journalist and critic, he is now Chairman of the Administrative Committee of the Julliard School of Music.

Arthur Krock, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for journalism last year, writes a column in *The New York Times* on American politics.

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Herschel Brickell is the book columnist of the *New York Post* and has been known to readers of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW over a long period.

William and Kathryn Cordell together edit a yearly anthology of American magazine articles. They are familiar to readers of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for their joint articles and book reviews.

Philip Burnham is an assistant editor of *The Commonweal* and has served on the Commission of Inquiry on Public Service Personnel.

Eleanor L. Van Alen, has reviewed books for the *Saturday Review of Literature* and the *New York Herald Tribune*. She is now Book Review Editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Louise Maunsell Field has done book reviewing for *The New York Times* and current magazines for many years.

Victor G. Heiser is the author of the forthcoming book "An American Doctor's Odyssey." Dr. Heiser has practiced in forty-five countries. He has been called "a doctor to nations."

Howard Mumford Jones is professor of English at the University of Michigan, and has written several volumes of criticism. He is one of our wittiest reviewers.

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